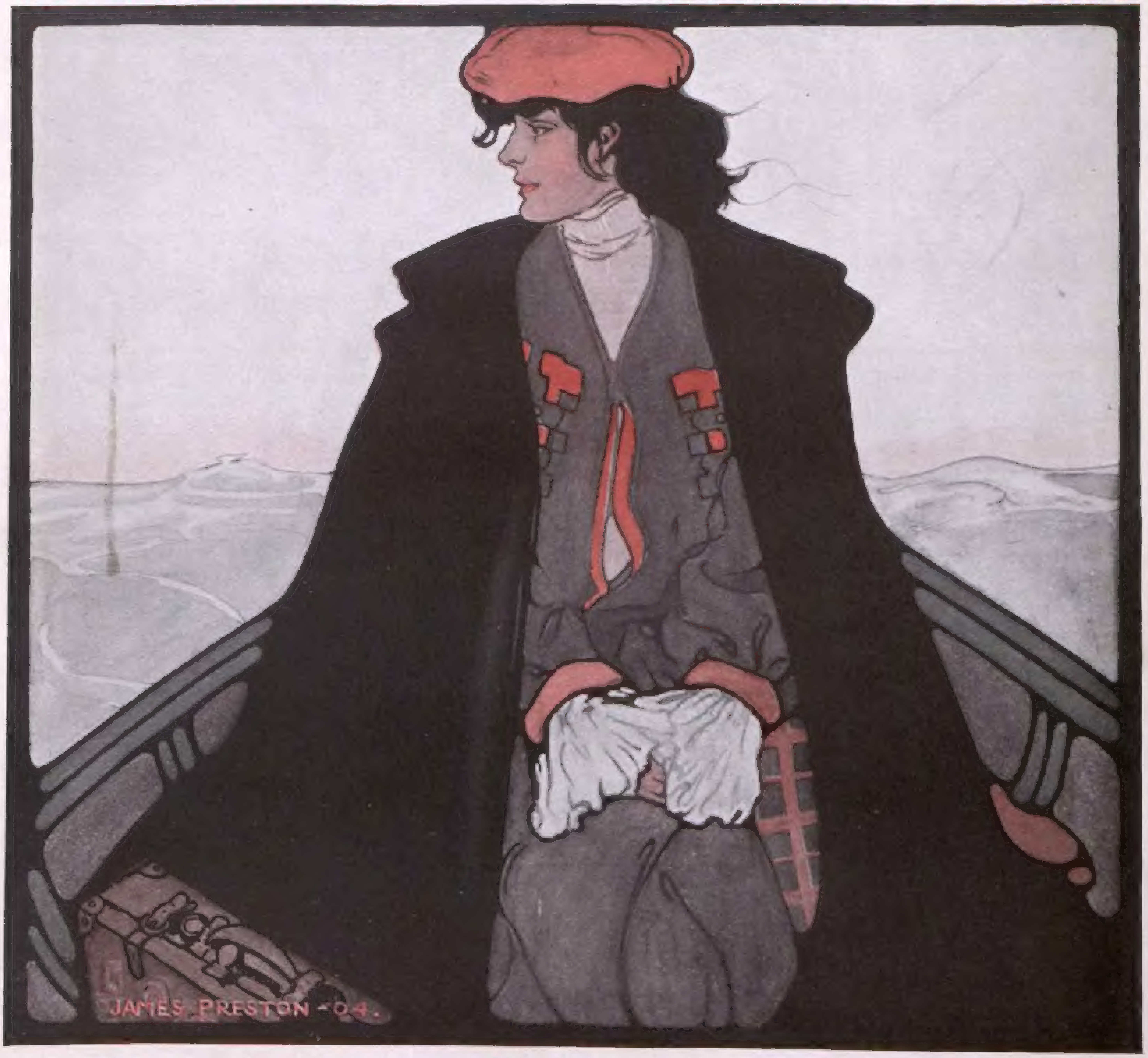
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aᵒ Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 26, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY


JAMES PRESTON -04.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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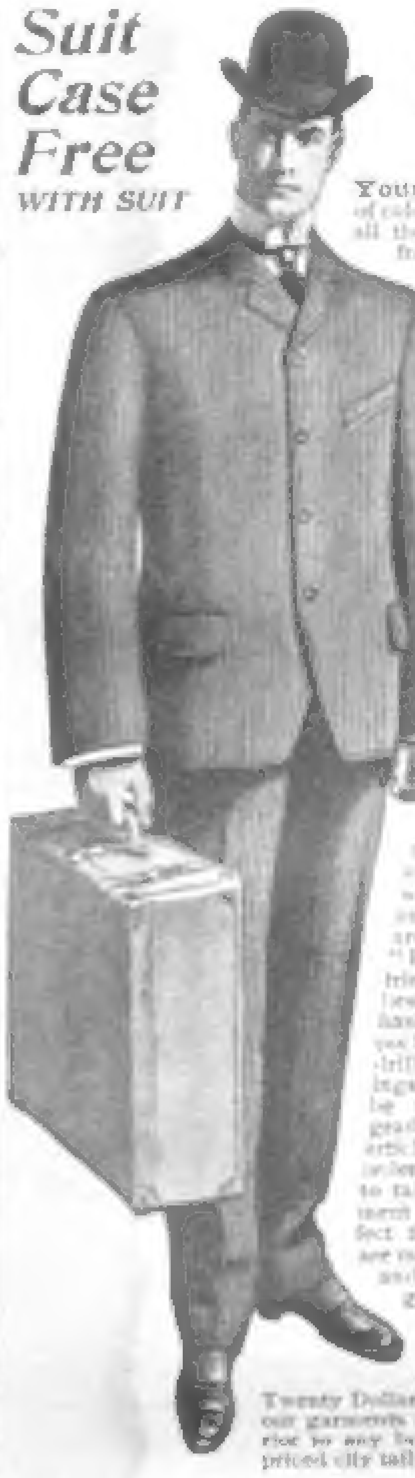

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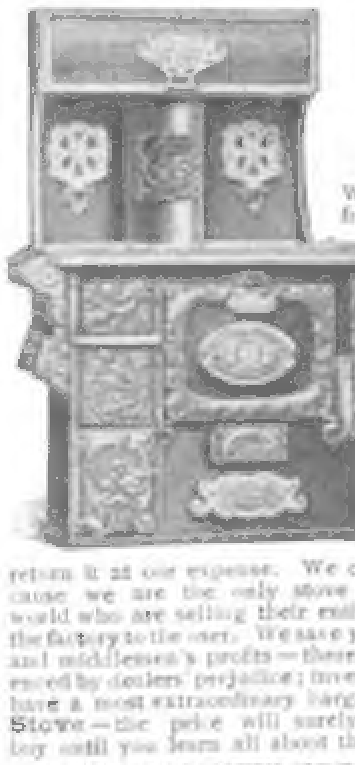

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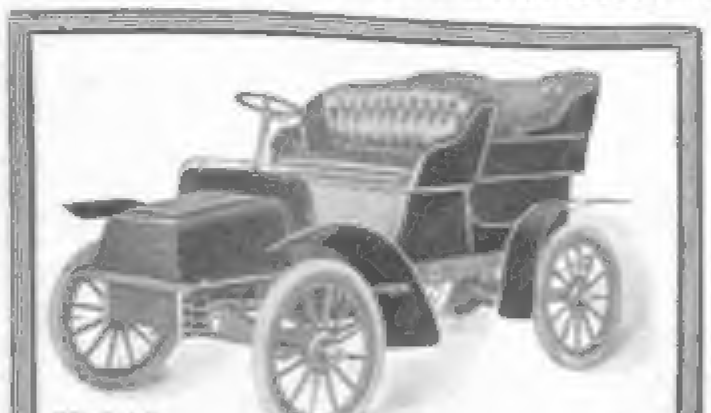

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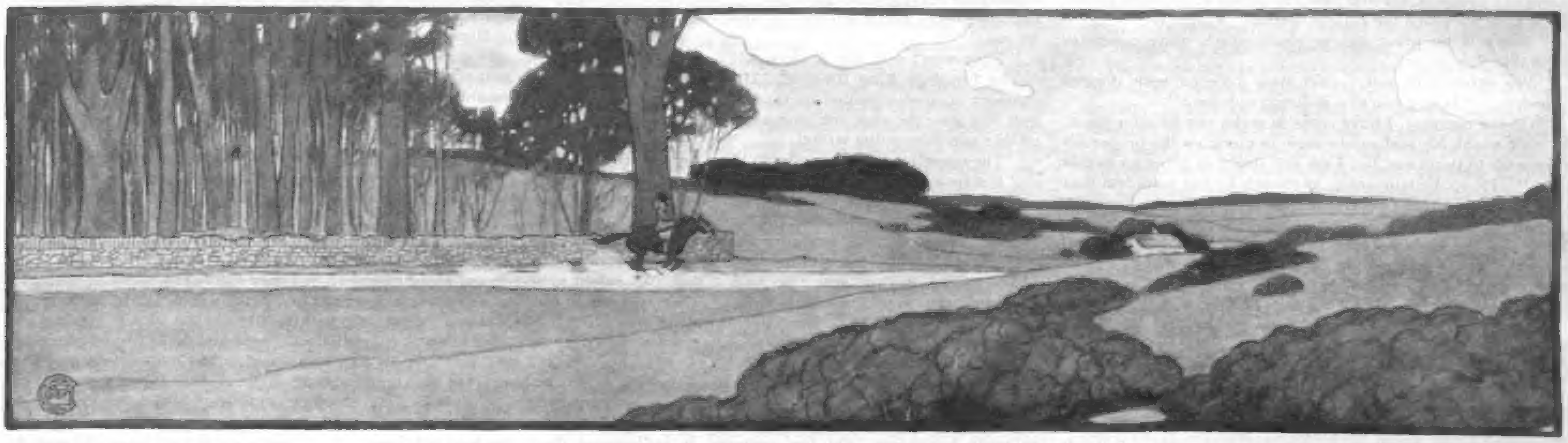
An Exchange of Courtesies



THEY ENJOYED IN COMFORT, WITHOUT OSTENTATION, THEIR PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS

By Robert Grant

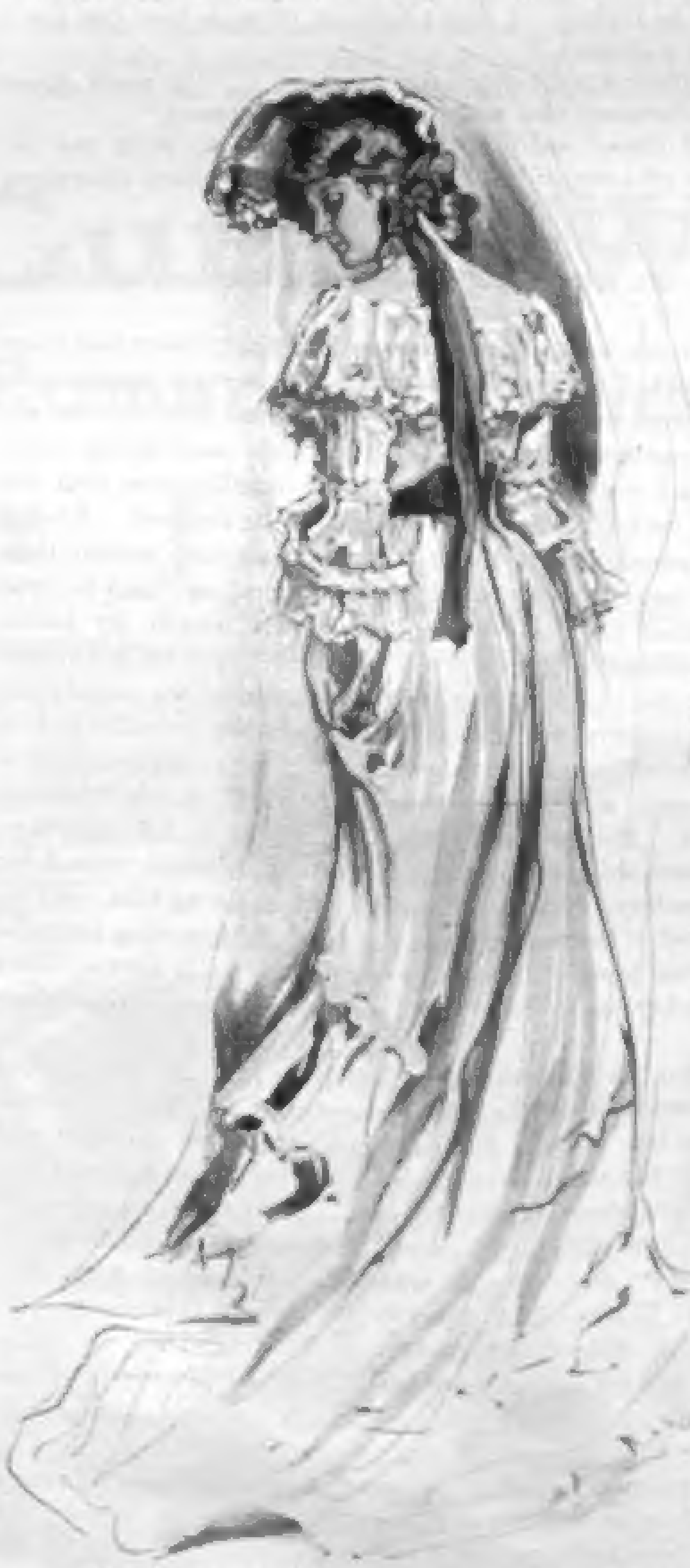
Author of The Undercurrent

IN THE opinion of many persons competent to judge, the "East Shore" was suffering from an invasion of wealth. Unquestionably it had been fashionable for a generation; but the people who had established summer homes there were inhabitants of the large neighboring city which they forsook during five months in the year to enjoy the ocean breezes and sylvan scenery, for the East Shore afforded both. Well-to-do New England families of refinement and taste, they enjoyed in comfort, without ostentation, their picturesque surroundings. Their cottages were simple; but each had its charming outlook to sea and a sufficient number of more or less wooded acres to command privacy and breathing space. In the early days the land had sold for a song, but it had risen steadily with the times, as more and more people coveted a foothold. The last ten years had introduced many changes: the older houses had been pulled down and replaced by lordly structures with all the modern conveniences, including spacious stables and farm buildings. Two clubs had been organized along the six miles of coast to provide golf and tennis, afternoon teas and bridge whist for the entertainment of the colony. The scale of living had become more elaborate, and there had been many newcomers — people of large means who offered for the finest sites sums which the owners could not afford to refuse. The prices paid in several instances represented ten times the original outlay. All the desirable locations were held by proprietors fully aware of their value, and those bent on purchase must pay what was asked or go without.

Then had occurred the invasion referred to — the coming to the East Shore of the foreign contingent, so called: people of fabulous means, multi-millionaires who were captains in one or another form of industry and who sought this resort as a Mecca for the social uplifting of their families and protection against summer heat. At their advent prices made another jump — one which took the breath away. Several of the most conservative owners parted with their estates after naming a figure which they supposed beyond the danger point, and half a dozen second-rate situations, affording but a paltry glimpse of the ocean, were snapped up in eager competition by wealthy capitalists from Chicago, Pittsburg and St. Louis, who had set their hearts on securing the best there was remaining.

Among the late comers was Daniel Anderson, known as the furniture king in the jargon of trade, many times a millionaire, and comparatively a person of leisure through the sale of his large plants to a trust. He hired for the season, by long-distance telephone, at an amazing rental, one of the more desirable places which was to let on account of the purpose of its owners to spend the summer abroad. It was one of the newer houses, large and commodious; yet its facilities were severely taxed by the Anderson establishment, which fairly bristled with complexity. Horses by the score, vehicles manifold, a steam yacht and three automobiles were the more striking symbols of a manifest design to curry favor by force of outdoing the neighborhood.

The family consisted of Mrs. Anderson, who was nominally an invalid, and a son and daughter of marriageable age. If it be stated that they were chips of the old block, meaning their father, it must not be understood that he had reached the moribund stage. On the contrary, he was still in the prime of his energy, and, with the exception of the housekeeping details, set in motion and directed the machinery of the establishment.



SHE APPEARED THE PICTURE OF HEALTH AND WAS TALL AND ATHLETIC LOOKING

It had been his idea to come to the East Shore; and having found a foothold there he was determined to make the most of the opportunity not only for his children but himself. With his private secretary and typewriter at his elbow he matured his scheme of carrying everything before him socially as he had done in business. The passport to success in this new direction he assumed to be lavish expenditure. It was a favorite maxim of his — trite yet shrewdly entertained — that money will buy anything, and every man has his price. So he began by subscribing to everything, when asked, twice as much as any one else, and seeming to regard it as a privilege. Whoever along the East Shore was interested in charity had merely to present a subscription list to Mr. Anderson to obtain a liberal donation. The equivalent was acquaintance. The man or woman who asked him for money could not very well neglect to bow the next time they met, and so by the end of the first summer he was on speaking terms with most of the men and many of the women. Owing to his generosity, the fund for the building of a new Episcopal church was completed, although he belonged to a different denomination. He gave a drinking fountain for horses and dogs, and when the selectmen begrudged to the summer residents the cost of rebuilding two miles of road, Daniel Anderson defrayed the expense from his own pocket. An ardent disciple of golf, and daily on the links, he presented toward the end of the season superb trophies for the competition of both men and women, with the promise of others in succeeding years. In short, he gave the society whose favor he coveted to understand that it had merely "to press the button" and he would foot the bills.

Mr. Anderson's nearest neighbors were the Misses Ripley — Miss Rebecca and Miss Caroline, or Carry, as she was invariably called. They were among the oldest summer residents, for their father had been among the first to recognize the attractions of the East Shore, and their childhood had been passed there. Now they were middle-aged women and their father was dead; but they continued to occupy season after season their cottage, the location of which was one of the most picturesque on the whole shore. The estate commanded a wide ocean view and included some charming woods on one side and a small, sandy, curving beach on the other. The only view of the water which the Andersons had was at an angle across this beach. The house they occupied, though twice the size of the Ripley cottage, was virtually in the rear of the Ripley domain, which lay tantalizingly between them and a free sweep of the landscape.

One morning, early in October of the year of Mr. Anderson's advent to the East Shore, the Ripley sisters, who were sitting on the piazza enjoying the mellow haze of the autumn sunshine, saw, with some surprise, Mr. David Walker, the real-estate broker, approaching across the lawn—surprise because it was late in the year for holidays, and Mr. Walker invariably went to town by the half-past eight train. Yet a visit from one of their neighbors was always agreeable to them, and the one in question lived not more than a quarter of a mile away and sometimes did drop in at afternoon teatime. Certain women might have attempted an apology for their appearance, but Miss Rebecca seemed rather to glory in the shears which dangled down from her apron-strings as she rose to greet her visitor; they told so unmistakably that she had been enjoying herself trimming vines. Miss Carry—who was still kittenish in spite of her forty years—as she gave one of her hands to Mr. Walker held out with the other a basket of seckel pears she had been gathering, and said:

"Have one—do."

Mr. Walker complied, and, having completed the preliminary commonplaces, said, as he hurled the core with an energetic sweep of his arm into the ocean at the base of the little bluff on which the cottage stood:

"There is no place on the shore which quite compares with this."

"We agree with you," said Miss Rebecca with dogged urbanity. "Is any one of a different opinion?"

"On the contrary, I have come to make you an offer for it. It isn't usual for real estate men to crack up the properties they wish to purchase, but I am not afraid of doing so in this case." He spoke buoyantly, as though he felt confident that he was in a position to carry his point.

"An offer?" said Miss Rebecca. "For our place? You know that we have no wish to sell. We have been invited several times to part with it, and declined. It was you yourself who brought the last invitation. We are still in the same frame of mind, aren't we, Carry?"

"Yes, indeed. Where should we get another which we liked so well?"

"My principal invites you to name your own figure."

"That is very good of him, I'm sure. Who is he, by the way?"

"I don't mind telling you; it's your neighbor, Daniel Anderson." David Walker smiled significantly. "He is ready to pay whatever you choose to ask."

"Our horses are afraid of his automobiles, and his liveried grooms have turned the head of one of our maids. Our little place is not in the market, thank you, Mr. Walker."

The broker's beaming countenance showed no sign of discouragement. He rearranged the gay blue flower which had almost detached itself from the lapel of his coat, then said laconically:

"I am authorized by Mr. Anderson to offer you $500,000 for your property."

"What?" exclaimed Miss Rebecca.

"Half a million dollars for six acres," he added.

"The man must be crazy." Miss Rebecca stepped to the honeysuckle vine with a detached air and snipped off a straggling tendril with her shears. "That is a large sum of money," she added.

David Walker enjoyed the effect of his announcement; it was clear that he had produced an impression.

"Money is no object to him. I told him that you did not wish to sell, and he said that he would make it worth your while."

"Half a million dollars! we should be nearly rich," let fall Miss Carry, upon whom the full import of the offer was breaking.

"Yes; and think what you two ladies could do with all that money—good, practical good," continued the broker, pressing his opportunity and availing himself of his knowledge of their aspirations. "You could buy elsewhere and have enough left over to endow a professorship at Bryn Mawr, Miss Rebecca; and you, Miss Carry, would be able to revel in charitable donations."

Those who knew the Ripley sisters well were aware that informality never vexed them. Beating about the bush from artificiality or ignoring a plain issue was the sort of thing they resented. Consequently, the directness of David Walker's sally did not appear to them a liberty, but merely a legitimate summing up of the situation. Miss Rebecca was the spokesman as usual, though her choice was always governed by what she conceived to be the welfare of her sister, whom she still looked on as almost a very young person. Sitting upright and clasping her elbows, as she was apt to do in moments of stress, she replied:

"Money is money, Mr. Walker, and half a million dollars is not to be discarded lightly. We should be able, as you suggest, to do some good with so much wealth. But, on the other hand, we don't need it, and we have no one dependent on us for support. My brother is doing well and is likely to leave his only child all that is good for her. We love this place. Caroline may marry some day" (Miss Carry laughed protestingly at the suggestion and ejaculated, "Not very likely"), "but I never shall. I expect to come here as long as I live. We love every inch of the place—the woods, the beach, the sea. Our garden, which we made ourselves, is our delight. Why should we give up all this because some one offers us five times what we supposed it to be worth? My sister is here to speak for herself, but so far as I am concerned you may tell Mr. Anderson that if our place is worth so much as that we cannot afford to part with it."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't do at all. Our heartstrings are round the roots of these trees, Mr Walker," added the younger sister in gentle echo of this determination.

"Don't be in a hurry to decide; think it over. It will bear reflection," said the broker briskly.

"There's nothing to think over. It becomes clearer every minute," said Miss Rebecca a little tartly. Then she added: "I dare say it will do him good to find that some one has something which he cannot buy."

"He will be immensely disappointed, for his heart was set on it," said David Walker gloomily. His emotions were not untinged by personal dismay, for his commission would have been a large one.

He returned forthwith to his client, who was expecting him, and who met him at the door.

"Well, Walker, what did the maiden ladies say? Have one of these," he exclaimed, exhibiting some large cigars elaborately wrapped in gold foil. "They're something peculiarly choice which a friend of mine—a Cuban—obtained for me."

"They won't sell, Mr. Anderson."

The furniture king frowned. He was a heavily built but compact man who looked as though he were accustomed to butt his way through life and sweep away opposition, yet affable and easy-going withal.

"They won't sell? You offered them my price?"

"It struck them as prodigious, but they were not tempted."

"I've got to have it somehow. With this land added to theirs I should have the finest place on the shore."

The broker disregarded this flamboyant remark, which was merely a repetition of what he had heard several times already. "I warned you," he said, "that they might possibly refuse even this munificent offer. They told me to tell you that if it was worth so much they could not afford to sell."

"Is it not enough? They're poor, you told me—poor as church mice."

"Compared with you. But they have enough to live on simply, and—and to be able to maintain such an establishment as yours, for instance, would not add in the least degree to their happiness. On the contrary, it is because they delight in the view and the woods and their little garden just as they see them that they can't afford to let you have the place." Now that the chances of a commission were slipping away David Walker was not averse to convey in delicate language the truth which Miss Rebecca had set forth.

Mr. Anderson felt his chin meditatively. "I seem to be up against it," he murmured. "You think they are not holding out for a higher figure?" he asked shrewdly.

David shook his head. Yet he added, with the instinct of a business man ready to nurse a forlorn hope, "There would be no harm in trying. I don't believe, though, that you have the ghost of a chance."

The furniture king reflected a moment. "I'll walk down there this afternoon and make their acquaintance."

"A good idea," said Walker, contented to shift the responsibility of a second offer. "You'll find them charming—real thoroughbreds," he saw fit to add.

"A bit top-lofty?" queried the millionaire.

"Not in the least. But they have their own standards, Mr. Anderson."

The furniture king's progress on the East Shore had been so uninterrupted on the surface and so apparently satisfactory to himself that no one would have guessed that he was not altogether content with it. With all his easy-going optimism, it had not escaped his shrewd intelligence that his family still lacked the social recognition he desired. People were civil enough, but there were houses into which they were never asked in spite of all his spending; and he was conscious that they were kept at arm's length by polite processes too subtle to be openly resented. Yet he did resent in his heart the check to his ambitions, and at the same time he sought eagerly the cause with an open mind. It had already dawned on him that when he was interested in a topic his voice was louder than the voices of his new acquaintances. He had already given orders to his chauffeur that the automobiles should be driven with some regard for the public safety. Lately the idea had come to him, and he had imparted it to his son, that the habit of ignoring impediments did not justify them in driving golf balls on the links when the players in front of them were slower than they liked.

On the way to visit the Misses Ripley later in the day the broker's remark that they had standards of their own still lingered in his mind. He preferred to think of them and others along the shore as stiff and what he called uppish; yet he intended to observe what he saw. He had been given to understand that these ladies were almost paupers from his point of view; and, though when he had asked who they were, David Walker had described them as representatives of one of the oldest and most respected families, he knew that they took no active part in the social life of the colony as he beheld it; they played neither golf, tennis, nor bridge at the club; they owned no automobile, and their stable was limited to a single horse; they certainly cut no such figure as seemed to him to become people in their position, who could afford to refuse $500,000 for six acres.

He was informed by the middle-aged, respectable-looking maid that the ladies were in the garden behind the house. A narrow graveled path bordered with fragrant box led him to this. Its expanse was not large, but the luxuriance and variety of the old-fashioned summer flowers attested the devotion bestowed upon them. At the farther end was a trellised summer-house in which he perceived that the maiden ladies were taking afternoon tea. There was no sign of hothouse roses or rare exotic plants, but he noticed a beehive, a quaint sundial with an inscription, and along the middle path down which he walked were at intervals little dilapidated busts or figures of stone on pedestals—some of them lacking tips of noses or ears. It did not occur to Mr. Anderson that antiquity rather than poverty was responsible for these ravages. Their existence gave him fresh hope.

"Who can this be?" said Miss Carry with a gentle flutter. An unknown, middle-aged man was still an object of curiosity to her.

Miss Rebecca raised her eyeglass. "I do believe, my dear, that it's—yes, it is."

"But who?" queried Miss Carry.

Miss Rebecca rose instead of answering. The stranger was upon them, walking briskly and hat in hand. His manner was distinctly breezy—more so than a first meeting would ordinarily seem to her to justify.

"Good-afternoon, ladies. Daniel Anderson is my name. My wife wasn't lucky enough to find you at home when she returned your call, so I thought I'd be neighborly."

"It's very good of you to come to see us," said Miss Rebecca, relenting at once. She liked characters—being something of one herself—and her neighbor's heartiness was taking. "This is my sister, Miss Caroline Ripley," she added to cement the introduction, "and I am Rebecca. Sit down, Mr. Anderson; and may I give you a cup of tea?"

Four people were apt to be cozily crowded in the summer-house. Being only a third person, the furniture king was able to settle himself in his seat and look around him without fear that his legs would molest any one. He gripped the arms of his chair and sniffed the aroma of the garden.

"This is a lovely place, ladies," he asserted. "Those hollyhocks and morning-glories and mignonettes take me back to old times. Up to my place it's all roses and orchids. But my wife told me last week that she heard old-fashioned flowers are coming in again. Seems she was right."

"Oh, but we've had old-fashioned flowers for years. Our garden has been always just like this—only becoming a little prettier all the time, we venture to hope," said Miss Carry.

"I want to know!" said Mr. Anderson; and almost immediately he remembered that both his son and daughter had cautioned him against the use of this phrase on the East Shore. He received the dainty but evidently ancient cup from Miss Rebecca, and seeing that the subject was, so to speak, before the house, he tasted his tea and said:

"It's all pretty here—garden, view and beach. And I hear you decline to sell, ladies."

Miss Rebecca had been musing on the subject all day, and a heartfelt response rose promptly to her lips—spoken with the simple grace of a self-respecting gentlewoman:

"Why should we sell, Mr. Anderson?"

The question was rather a poser to answer categorically; yet the would-be purchaser felt that he sufficiently conveyed his meaning when he said:

"I thought I might have made it worth your while."

"We are people of small means in the modern sense of the word," Miss Rebecca continued, thereby expressing more concretely his idea; "yet we have sufficient for our needs. Our tastes are very simple. The sum which you offered us is a fortune in itself—but we have no ambition for great wealth or to change our mode of life. Our associations with this place are so intimate and tender that money could not induce us to desecrate them by a sale."

"I see," said Mr. Anderson. Light was indeed breaking on him. At the same time his appreciation of the merits of the property had been growing every minute. It was an exquisite summer afternoon. From where they sat he could behold the line of shore on either side with its background of dark green woods. Below the wavelets lapped the shingle with melodious rhythm. As far as the eye could see lay the bosom of the ocean unruffled, and lustrous with the sheen of the dying day. Accustomed to prevail in buying his way, he could not resist saying, after a moment of silence:

"If I were to increase my offer to a million would it make any difference in your attitude?"

A suppressed gurgle of mingled surprise and amusement escaped Miss Carry.

Miss Rebecca paused a moment by way of politeness to one so generous. But her tone when she spoke was unequivocal, and a shade sardonic.

"Not the least, Mr. Anderson. To tell the truth, we should scarcely understand the difference."

II

ONE summer afternoon two years later the Ripley sisters were again drinking tea in their attractive summer-house. In the interval the peaceful current of their lives had been stirred to its depths by unlooked-for happenings. Very shortly after their refusal of Mr. Anderson's offer, their only brother, whose home was on the Hudson within easy distance of New York, had died suddenly. He was a widower; and consequently the protection of his only daughter straightway devolved on them. She was eighteen and good-looking. This they knew from personal observation at Thanksgiving Day and other family reunions; but owing to the fact that Mabel Ripley had been quarantined by scarlet fever during the summer of her sixteenth year, and in Europe the following summer, they were conscious, prior to her arrival at the East Shore, that they were very much in the dark as to her characteristics.

She proved to be the antipodes of what they had hoped for. Their traditions had depicted a delicate-appearing girl with reserved manners and a studious or artistic temperament, who would take an interest in the garden and like nothing better than to read aloud to them the new books while they did fancy-work. A certain amount of coy coquetry was to be expected — would be welcomed, in fact, for there were too many Miss Ripleys already. Proper facilities would be offered to her admirers, but they took for granted that she would keep them at a respectful distance as became a gentlewoman. She would be urged to take suitable exercise; they would provide a horse, if necessary; and doubtless some of the young people in the neighborhood would invite her occasionally to play tennis.

Mabel's enthusiasm at the nearness of the sea took precedence over every other emotion as she stood on the piazza after the embraces were over.

"How adorably stunning! I must go out sailing the first thing," were her words.

Meanwhile the aunts were observing that she appeared the picture of health and was tall and athletic looking. In one hand she had carried a tennis racquet in its case, in the other a bag of golf clubs, as she alighted from the vehicle. These evidently were her household gods. The domestic vision which they had entertained might need rectification.

"You sail, of course?" Mabel asked, noticing, doubtless, that her exclamation was received in silence.

Aunt Rebecca shook her head. "I haven't been in a sailboat for twenty years."

"But whose steam yacht is that?"

"It belongs to Mr. Anderson, a wealthy neighbor."

"Anyhow, a knockabout is more fun — a twenty-footer," the girl continued, her gaze still fixed on the haven which the indentations of the coast afforded, along which at intervals groups of yachts, large and small, floated at their moorings picturesque as seagulls on a feeding-ground.

"There is an old rowboat in the barn. I daresay that Thomas, the coachman, will take you out rowing sometimes after he has finished his work," said Aunt Carry kindly.

"Do you swim?" inquired Aunt Rebecca, failing to note her niece's bewildered expression.

"Like a duck. I'm quite as much at home on the water as on land. I've had a sailboat since I was thirteen, and most of our summers have been spent at Buzzard's Bay."

"But you're a young lady now," said Aunt Rebecca.

Mabel looked from one to the other as though she were speculating as to what these new protectors were like. "Am I?" she asked with a smile. "I must remember that, I suppose; but it will be hard to change all at once." Thereupon she stepped lightly to the edge of the cliff that she might enjoy more completely the view while she left them to digest this qualified surrender.

"'No pent-up Utica contracts her powers,'" murmured Miss Rebecca, who was fond of classic verse.

"It is evident that we shall have our hands full," answered Miss Carry. "But she's fresh as a rose, and wide awake. I'm sure the dear girl will try to please us."

Mabel did try, and succeeded; but it was a success obtained at the cost of setting at naught all her aunts' preconceived ideas regarding the correct deportment of marriageable girls. The knockabout was forthcoming shortly after she had demonstrated her amphibious qualities by diving from the rocks and performing water feats which dazed her anxious guardians. Indeed, she fairly lived in her bathing-dress until the novelty wore off. Thomas, the coachman, who had been a fisherman in his day, announced with a grin, after accompanying her on the trial trip of the hired catboat, that he could teach her nothing about sailing. Henceforth her small craft was almost daily a distant speck on the horizon, and braved the seas so successfully under her guidance that presently the aunts forbore to watch for disaster through a spyglass.

She could play tennis, too, with the best, as she demonstrated on the courts of the East Shore Club. Her proficiency and spirit speedily made friends for her among the young people of the colony, who visited her and invited her to take part in their amusements. She was prepared to ride on her bicycle wherever the interest of the moment called her, and deplored the solemnity of the family carryall. When her aunts declared that a wheel was too undignified a vehicle on which to go out to luncheon, she compromised on a pony cart as a substitute, for she could drive almost as well as she could sail. She took comparatively little interest in the garden, and was not always at home at five-o'clock tea to read aloud the latest books; but her amiability and natural gayety were like sunshine in the house. She talked freely of what she did, and she had an excellent appetite.

"She's as unlike the girls of my day as one could imagine, and I do wish she wouldn't drive about the country bareheaded, looking like a colt or a young Indian," said Miss Rebecca pensively one morning, just after Mabel's departure for the tennis-court. "But I must confess that she's the life of the place, and we couldn't get on without her now. I don't think, though, that she has done three hours of solid reading since she entered the house. I call that deplorable."

"She's a dear," said Aunt Carry. "We haven't been much in the way of seeing young girls of late, and Mabel doesn't seem to me different from most of those who visit her. Twenty years ago, you remember, girls pecked at their food and had to lie down most of the time. Now they eat it. What I can't get quite used to is the habit of letting young men call them by their first names on short acquaintance. In my time," she added with a little sigh, "it would have been regarded as inconsistent with maidenly reserve. I'm sure I heard the young man who was here last night say, 'I've known you a week now; may I call you Mabel?'"

As to young men, be it stated, the subject of this conversation showed herself impartially indifferent. Her attitude seemed to be that boys were good fellows as well as girls, and should be encouraged accordingly. If they chose to make embarrassing speeches regarding one's personal appearance and to try to be alone with one as much as possible, while such favoritism was rather a fillip to existence, it was to be considered at bottom as an excellent joke. Young men came and young men went. Mabel attracted her due share. Yet evidently she seemed to be as glad to see the last comer as any of his predecessors.

Then occurred the second happening in the tranquil existence of the maiden ladies. One day at the end of the first summer, an easterly day, when the sky was beginning to be obscured by scud and the sea was swelling with the approach of a storm, Dan Anderson, the only son of his father, was knocked overboard by the boom while showing the heels of his thirty-foot knockabout to the hired boat of his neighbor, Miss Mabel Ripley. They were not racing, for his craft was unusually fast, as became a multi-millionaire's plaything. Besides, he and the girl had merely a bowing acquaintance. The Firefly was simply bobbing along on the same tack as the Enchantress, while the fair skipper, who had another girl as a companion, tried vainly, at a respectful distance, to hold her own by skill.

The headway on Dan's yacht was so great that before the two dazed salts on board realized what had happened their master was far astern. They bustled to bring the Enchantress about and to come to his rescue in the dingey. Stunned by the blow of the spar, he had gone down like a stone; so, in all probability, they would have been too late. When he came up the second time it was on the port bow of the Firefly, but completely out of reach. Giving the tiller to her friend, and stripping off superfluous apparel, Mabel jumped overboard in time to grasp and hold the drowning youth. There she kept him until aid reached them. But the unconscious victim did not open his eyes until after he had been laid on the Misses Ripley's lawn, where, by virtue of brandy from the medicine-closet and hot-water bottles, the flickering spark of life was coaxed into a flame.

It was an agitating experience for the aunts. But Mabel was none the worse for the wetting; and though she naturally made light of her performance, congratulations on her

(Concluded on Page 18)

Sarah McGuffie, Washerwoman

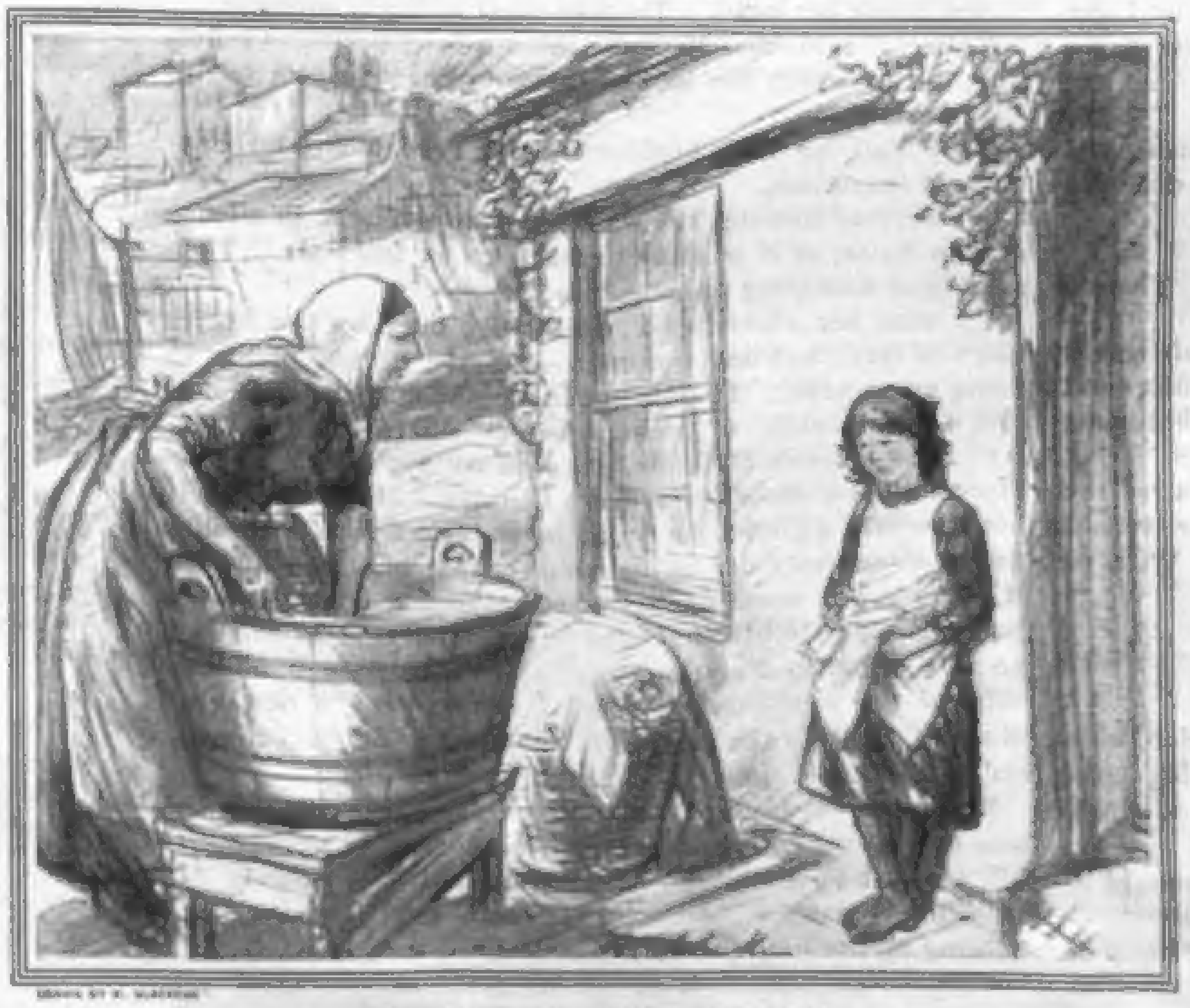
A Romance of Middle Age

By J. J. BELL

Author of Wee Macgreegor

MRS. McGUFFIE bent over the big washtub and muttered to herself, as was her habit, while she rubbed at the soapy contents.

"H'm! Ay! . . . Here that auld shirt o' the doctor's — never mendit yet! It tells its ain tale. . . . H'm! That's a joke, but ye've nae time for jokes, Sarah McGuffie! Gang on wi' yer wark! . . . Eh, but it's a peety the puir doctor canna get his claes mendit. That wife o' his is ower keen on gallivantin' aboot wi' her high heels an' her fancy parasole. 'Deed, I wud like fine to gi'e her an efternune at the mangle, so I wud! . . . What's this noo? Yin o' Maister Davison's hankies. Like hissel' — mair holy nor righteous. Ha! ha! Gang on wi' yer wark, Sarah McGuffie! Keep yer evil thochts to yersel'! A' the same, it's no' fair sendin' a hanky like this yin to the washin'. As shair's I'm leevin', Mistress Davison 'll be blamin' me for the holes. I've a rale guid mind to chairge her extra for washin' the holes. Tits! I've tore it bigger! . . . What a heap o' table-naypkins Mistress Nimmo gangs through — an' no' yin o' them hauf dirty. I doot she's a wasterfu' young wife, but she'll maybe get mair carefu' as she grows aulder. New mairrit folk ha'e got to learn things, an' the langer they tak' the better for puir folk like masel', so it's no' for *you* to fin' fau't, Sarah McGuffie. . . . I mind when I was new-mairrit masel' I was inclined for to be ower free wi' the siller. Ay! I've seen me buyin' twa alabaster ornaments at a shullin' the piece wi'oot turnin' a hair. An' they're baith broke lang syne. But they was rale braw ornaments, an' lukit fine on the mantelpiece wi' everlastin's in them — that was efter Peter dee'd. . . . Weel, weel, times is changed. I never thocht then that I wud come to be a washerwife. But I micht ha'e come to be waur. I micht ha'e come to be a fishwife if Providence hadna kep' an e'e on me. . . . Sarah McGuffie, gang on wi' yer wark! . . . Here yin o' puir Miss Duncan's tablecloths — near a' darns. I'm feart she gi'es oot her washin' jist because she thinks it's mair genteel-like, puir buddy. I never yet seen gravy on ony o' her tablecloths — never onythin' richer nor pea soup. Sirs, the day! An' she was born rich. Whiles I think pride efter a fa' is as sad as pride afore it. . . . An' here a shirt o' the meenister's. I ken it frae the nate mendin' o' the buttonhole o' the collar, an' the ink on the cuff. I'm shair I've tellt him a hunner times he sud pit a bit paper roon' his cuff. An' here ——"

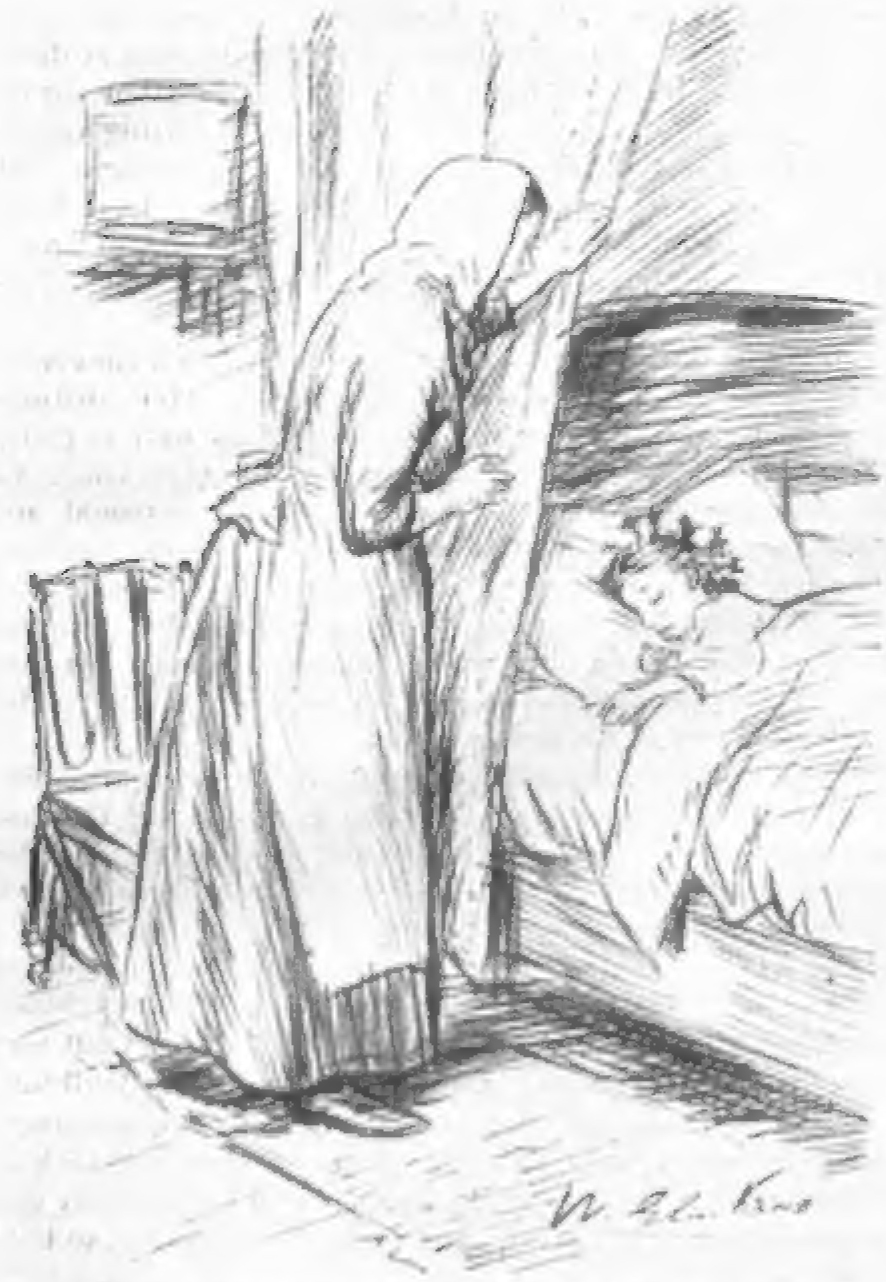


"YE'RE THERE AGAIN, ARE YE?"

At this point in her moralisings Mrs. McGuffie's attention was drawn from her tub and scrubbing-board to a little girl in shabby garments who, having crossed the bleaching green without sound, was now standing in the sunshine against the white wall of the cottage.

"Ye're there again, are ye?" said Mrs. McGuffie, not unkindly, yet hardly in a tone of welcome.

"Ay," answered the little girl. She shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other, staring the while at her soiled pinafore beneath which her hands worked nervously.



AND THEN SHE DREW BACK SLIGHTLY THE ROUGH CURTAIN

"An' what micht ye be wantin' the day?"

"Naethin'."

"Aweel, ye'll get plenty o' that here," said the washerwoman with a grim smile. "That's an awfu' dirty pinny ye've gotten on! Are ye no' ashamed to be seen?"

"Ay."

"What wey did yer auntie no' gi'e ye a clean yin?"

"It's no' the day for a clean yin."

"H'm!" muttered Mrs. McGuffie, "yer auntie sud think shame o' hersel' lettin' ye gang ootbye like that. Are ye hungry?"

"Ay."

"I'm thinkin' ye're aye hungry."

"Ay."

Mrs. McGuffie dived into the tub and attended to a couple of articles before resuming the conversation.

Meanwhile the child, who might have been ten years of age, and whose countenance was thin and plain but healthily sun-browned, continued to sway from one foot to the other, regarding the woman's operation with interest and perhaps with anxiety.

"Dinna waggle aboot like that!" exclaimed Mrs. McGuffie, looking up.

The youngster became motionless instantly, and lowered her eyes.

"Wud ye like a piece, lassie?" asked the woman, more gently, when she had laid the articles just finished on a small heap of others in the basket.

"Ay."

"Is that a' ye say?"

"If ye please, mistress."

"That's richt. Weel, ye'll get a piece as shin as I get thur things pit in the b'iler. What did ye say yer name was? It was ower fancy for me to mind."

"Annabella Florence McNaught."

"Mercy me! Some folks gi'e their lasses names as if they expec'it them to grow into doochesses. What does yer auntie ca' ye?"

"Bella."

"That's no' sae bad. But I think I'll ca' ye Ann. There's naethin' fancy aboot Ann."

"I — I wud like to be ca'ed Flo, if ye please, mistress," said the child shyly. In her only picture-book, a cheap and gaudy affair, there was a picture of a little girl of that name who appeared to enjoy innumerable worldly luxuries.

"Flo?" cried Mrs. McGuffie. "Na, na! That's no' the kin' o' name for a lassie like yersel'. It's faur ower stylish. Ye're to be Ann, plain Ann, when ye come here. Wull ye mind that?"

"Ay," disappointedly.

"Weel, what's yer name noo?"

"Ann — plain Ann," mournfully.

"Na, na! Jist Ann. Ann — an' naethin' else. Noo, bide whaur ye are an' dinna tich onythin', an' I'll bring ye a piece as quick 's I can." She picked up the wet bundle and carried it indoors.

Mrs. McGuffie was a widow, not fair, too hard-wrought to have grown fat, and nearer fifty than forty. Twenty years ago she had come to the village of Kinlochan as the bride of an apparently healthy and prosperous tradesman. Twelve months later she was alone and practically penniless, and the local washerwoman and laundress of the day — a handsome, buxom creature — having just captured and married a thrifty but weak-minded bachelor client, and having retired from the tub forever, she took over the modest business and settled down sternly to make a living. She had no close friends among the Kinlochan folk, who, on the other hand, had nothing to say against her except that her disposition was dour and her temper short. At the same time she exchanged civilities with most of them, and it was common gossip that Bob Robertson, a widower of some years' standing and of considerable worldly possessions, had asked her to marry him on more than one occasion. So far she had refused him, though of late the burden of daily toil and the desire for the little ease and comforts, which seemed as far off as they did twenty years ago, had tempted her to say "Ay" to his question.

Her acquaintance with the child was a new thing. Scarcely a week had elapsed since the latter had first come quietly across the green and taken her stand by the wall of the house, to be presently spied by the washerwoman, and later supplied with a slice of bread and treacle. It was summer-time, and on several sunny afternoons Ann, as she must now be called, had reappeared and the former proceedings had been repeated. But it was on the present occasion that the acquaintance of the woman and child may be said to have progressed to any extent.

When Mrs. McGuffie came out of doors with the promised piece in one hand and a mug of tea for herself in the other she found Ann standing close to the tub and gazing longingly at the soapy contents.

Ann drew back with a guilty look on her face.

"Here yer piece," said Mrs. McGuffie. "What was ye daein' when I was in the hoose? Eh?"

"Naethin'." She took the piece, mumbling her thanks.

"Ye wudna like to be a washerwife, wud ye?"

Ann looked confused and remained silent.

Mrs. McGuffie took several sips of tea, and repeated her question.

"I — I wud like to wash ma — ma pinny," stammered Ann.

"Wash yer pinny? D'ye no' like it bein' dirty?"

"Y — *you* dinna like it."

"Weel, weel," murmured the woman, endeavoring to disguise her gratification. "But are ye no' ashamed o' yer dirty pinny yersel'?"

"Ay," replied Ann, but perhaps not altogether honestly, for when one has been in the habit of wearing a soiled pinafore five days out of the seven one is apt to become a little hardened.

Mrs. McGuffie took another drink of tea and set down the mug on a convenient window ledge. "Eat yer piece till I come back," she said, and disappeared indoors. A minute later she emerged, carrying a metal basin and a chair lacking a back. She set the chair on the ground, filled the basin from the tub and laid it on the chair.

"There ye are," she said briskly. "Ye can wash yer pinny noo. Come here till I louse the buttons for ye."

In a high state of excitement the child bolted the last of her bread and presented her back to Mrs. McGuffie.

"Preens!" cried the latter in a tone of intense disgust. "Does yer auntie no' sew on buttons when ye're needin' them?"

"Whiles," replied Ann.

The other made no further remark just then, but finished her tea while the youngster slipped off the light garment and stood in an attitude of expectation.

"Buckle up yer sleeves, Ann."

Ann obeyed smartly, disclosing a pair of lean little arms.

"Are ye wantin' anither piece?" the woman asked abruptly.

Ann shook her head. She was eager to begin washing.

"Weel," said Mrs. McGuffie, after a brief period of reflection, during which she looked rather cross, "ye best begin. Jist dae as *I* dae."

They took up their positions facing each other and commenced operations.

For several minutes the washerwoman wrought in silence and in haste, as if wishing to make up for lost time. Then she began muttering to herself:

"I doot her auntie's no' daein' her duty by the lassie. She's a lazy, feckless wumman — no' the kin' o' buddy to bring up a wean. There's naethin' waur nor an auld maid that's aye thinkin' o' dressin' hersel' up to catch a man. Ay! . . . Sarah McGuffie, gang on wi' yer wark! . . . Here anither o' Maister Davison's hankies. Holes again! If his nose was a gimlet he cudna mak' bigger yins. An' him fleein' aboot every day in his motor-caur! It'll be a fine job if he gets kilt some day wi' naethin' in his pooches but a holey hanky to tell the folk wha he is. Mistress Davison wud be sair affrontit, I'm thinkin'. . . . An' here anither shirt o' the meenister's. Weel, I never! It's a new yin! He wud get it for the Assembly, I suppose. But that front'll no' last. Chape stuff!"

She raised her head to glance at the girl, whose countenance was now aglow with heat and satisfaction.

"Hoo are ye gettin' on, Ann?" she said.

"Fine," panted Ann. "Is't clean yet?" she asked, holding up the limp pinafore.

"No' near clean. Keep at it, keep at it! Wull yer auntie no' be expec'in' ye hame shin?"

"Auntie's awa'. She gaed awa' to the toon in the steamboat, an' she'll no' be back till nine."

"An' when are ye to get yer supper?"

"When she comes back."

"Ye'll be gey hungry afore then."

"Ay," said Ann, rubbing away diligently.

Mrs. McGuffie bent over her tub, muttering.

"Hoo lang ha'e ye bided wi' yer auntie in Kinlochan?" she asked suddenly.

"Since fayther deed." Ann had never known her mother.

"Ye bided in Glesca afore that?"

"Ay." The young voice trembled.

"Dae ye like bidin' in Kinlochan?" pursued the woman gently.

"Whiles," came the reply with hesitation.

"As weel as in Glesca?"

"Oh, na, na! Oh, na, na!" with sad emphasis.

Mrs. McGuffie paused before she put the question: "Is yer auntie guid to ye, Ann?"

Ann dropped the pinafore into the basin and glanced about her. "Ay — whiles," she replied in a husky whisper.

The washerwoman lifted the minister's shirt, which she had been wringing between her hands, above her head and flung it with so vicious a smack into the basket that Ann fairly jumped.

"Dinna be feart, lassie," said Mrs. McGuffie, controlling her passion. "I'm no' angry at you. Let's luk at yer pinny noo."

"Is't clean yet?"

"Ay, it's near clean. Bring it here, an' I'll gi'e it a bit rub, an' then I'll rinse it an' pit it through the bew water, an' then I'll get it dried an' ern it nice for ye, an' ye'll be hame as shin as yer auntie. Wull that dae, Ann?"

"Am I to get bidin' here till then?" The question was a mingling of hope and anxiety.

"Ay, ye'll jist bide here, Ann, an' ye'll get yer supper frae me the nicht. We'll ha'e it shin, for I'm thinkin' ye're hungry, an' I'm wearit."

"Oh!" cried Ann with a gasp of rapture.

"An' I'll gi'e ye an egg!"

"Oh!" cried Ann again.

"Ye'll get plenty eggs frae yer auntie, maybe," said the washerwoman in a casual tone.

"Na — I mean, whiles."

Somehow Mrs. McGuffie felt pleased as well as angry. "Weel, come awa' wi' me to the washin'-hoose, an' we'll see if there's onythin' ye can dae to help me."

"I wud — I wud like to help ye, mistress," said Ann very shyly.

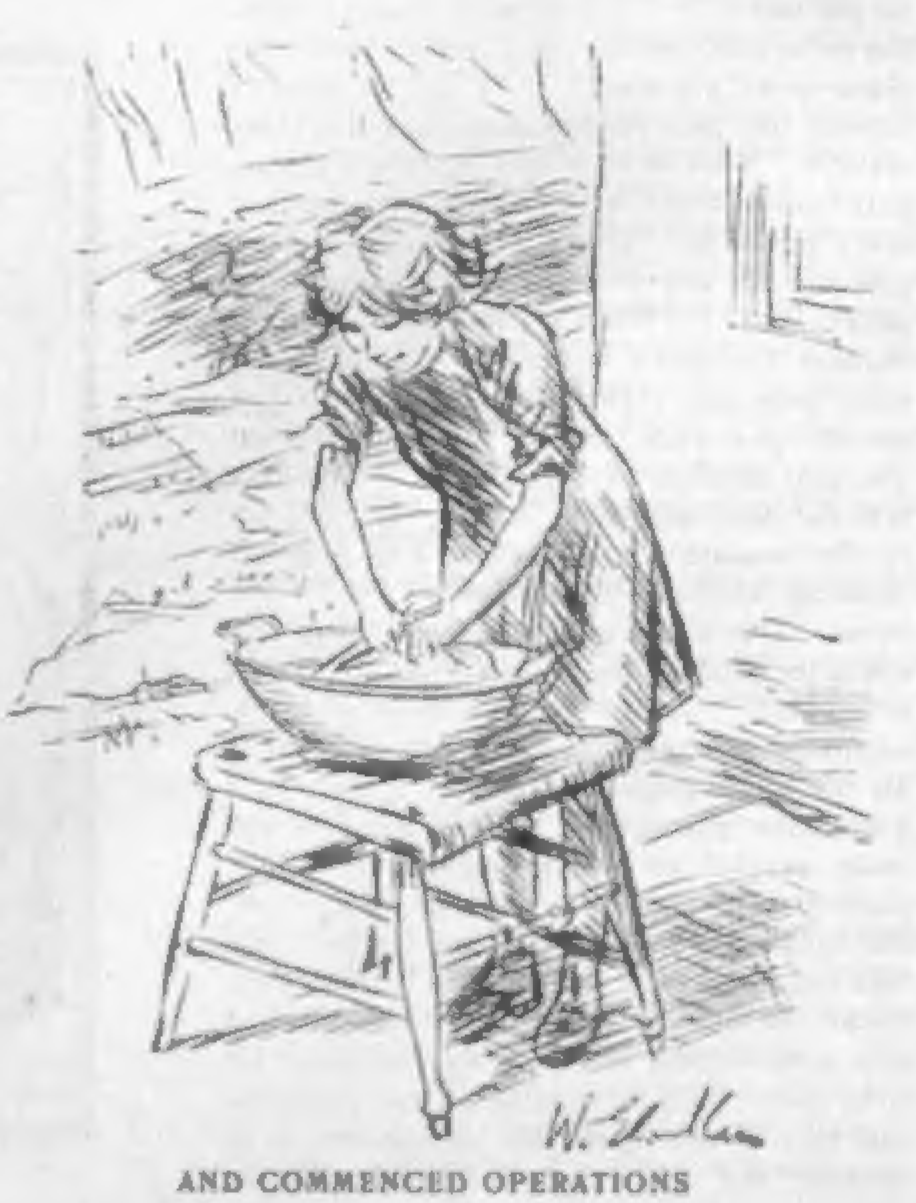
"An' so ye wull, ma dear!" returned the woman with a sudden burst of affection.

As Ann followed her indoors she would have skipped for joy had she not still been a little afraid of her new friend.

II

IT WAS late in September. The summer was always Mrs. McGuffie's busiest season, owing to the influx of visitors to Kinlochan, and the summer just past had exhausted her more than any of its predecessors.

"Ye needna cast the blame on the wark, Sarah McGuffie," she told herself as she bent over the tub, "for it's jist yersel' that's no' fit for't. Ye're no' auld, but ye're no' as young as ye used to be, an' forbye that I doot ye're gettin' wake i' the back. The next time Bob Robison asks ye, I'm thinkin' ye best jist tak' him. He's no' a beauty, for his heid's ower



AND COMMENCED OPERATIONS

big; an' I'm feart his tongue's as lang as his purse, though it's no' tied as ticht; an' I've heard tell that he asks a lang, lang blessin', an' then quarrels wi' his meat; an' he says tea's the warst drink a buddy can tak'; an' a'thegither he's as faur frae perfec' as a man can be—an' that's sayin' a guid deal. . . . But if ye mairry him ye'll get yer meat an' yer sleep wi'oot slavery; an' a dour man wi' siller is better nor a sair back wi' poverty. . . . Gang on wi' yer wark, Sarah McGuffie! He'll maybe no' ask ye again. . . . Aw, here some o' Miss Carraway's falderals. Vera pretty lace, an' it wud cost a bonny penny, I'm thinkin'. Weel, weel, the plainest o' weemen ha'e their wee consates. But it's nae use pittin' parritch in a gowden plate for them as dinna like parritch. Na! . . . Mercy me! If Mistress Spencer hasna been at the chape sales again! Thon leddy doesna ken when she's bein' cheatit. She's nae notion o' quality. This is its first washin', an' I doot it'll be its last. It's jist rubbish! An' she's payin' twinty-seeven pound a month for her hoose, an' ha'ein' dinner pairties wi' wine—I ken that frae her tablecloths—an' she wud weer a thing like this! 'Deed, it's a peetifu' case! Gang on wi' yer wark, Sarah McGuffie! It's nane o' yer business. . . . Oh, ma back! . . . It maun be a fine thing to sit doon at the fireside wi' yer knittin' in yer haun, an' a hassock to yer feet, an' maybe a peppermint in yer mooth, an' never a thocht o' washin' nor manglin' nor ernin'! It wud be worth while takin' Bob Robison for that alane. It's a' vera weel to be what they ca' independent, but I think there's a time comes to every single wumman when she feels the want o' a man—I suppose it's because she's ower prood to ask anither wumman to help her—an' she'll tak' onythin' in troosers that asks her. 'Deed, ay! An' efter a' it's often jist a case o' gettin' quit o' yin burden an' takin' up a heavier yin. But for a' that I'll risk it, an' Bob Robison 'll no' need to ask twice efter this. I've made up ma mind, an'——"

The little girl was standing near.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. McGuffie. "Ye're jist like a moose, Ann! Ye're there afore a body kens. But what's ado, lassie? Ye've been greetin'!"

Ann gave a gulp and shook her head.

"Ha'e ye hurt yersel'?" asked the woman, wiping the suds from her hands and arms and leaving the tub.

Ann hung her head and her breast heaved.

"Was onybody hurtin' ye? Was onybody vexin' ye? Eh?" inquired Mrs. McGuffie, bending down in the endeavor to get a sight of the young face; but the girl flung her pinafore over her head and began to sob.

Mrs. McGuffie dried her hand on her apron and patted Ann's shoulder.

"Was it yer auntie?" she whispered at last.

A nod, followed by a burst of sobs, was the reply.

"What was she daein' to ye?"

"Naethin'."

"What was she sayin' to ye?"

No answer.

Mrs. McGuffie sighed. "I was feart it wud come to this," she said to herself. Then aloud: "Is yer auntie vexed at ye for comin' here every day?"

"Oh, na, na!"

"Are ye shair, Ann?"

"Ay."

"An' what's vexin' ye?" the woman asked, feeling that the worst had not come to pass, after all. "Did yer auntie never say onythin' aboot ye comin' here? Eh?"

"Ay—when she's angry she says—she says——"

"What does she say, dearie?"

"She says—she says she wishes ye wud keep me a'thegither," murmured Ann. "Oh, dinna be angry, mistress," she cried the next instant.

"Na, na; I'm no' angry, dear," said Mrs. McGuffie when she had got the better of her fierce internal rage against the other woman. "But ye're auntie wud jist be jokin'," she continued. "She wudna mean it. So ye needna be vexed aboot that. Ye'll come an' see me whenever ye like, Ann."

But Ann would not be comforted.

"Is there onythin' else wrang?" the woman asked in despair.

The reply was a stifled wail and a nod of the head.

"An' what is 't?"

"Her an' me's gaun awa' frae Kinlochan an'—an' never comin' back again," mumbled the girl miserably. "We're gaun to the toon."

"Eh?" Mrs. McGuffie felt half stunned.

Ann repeated her answer, adding: "We're gaun awa' in a fortnicht, an' never comin' back for ever an' ever."

"Oh, lassie, are ye tellin' the truth?" cried Mrs. McGuffie. She fell on her knees and took Ann in her arms.

III

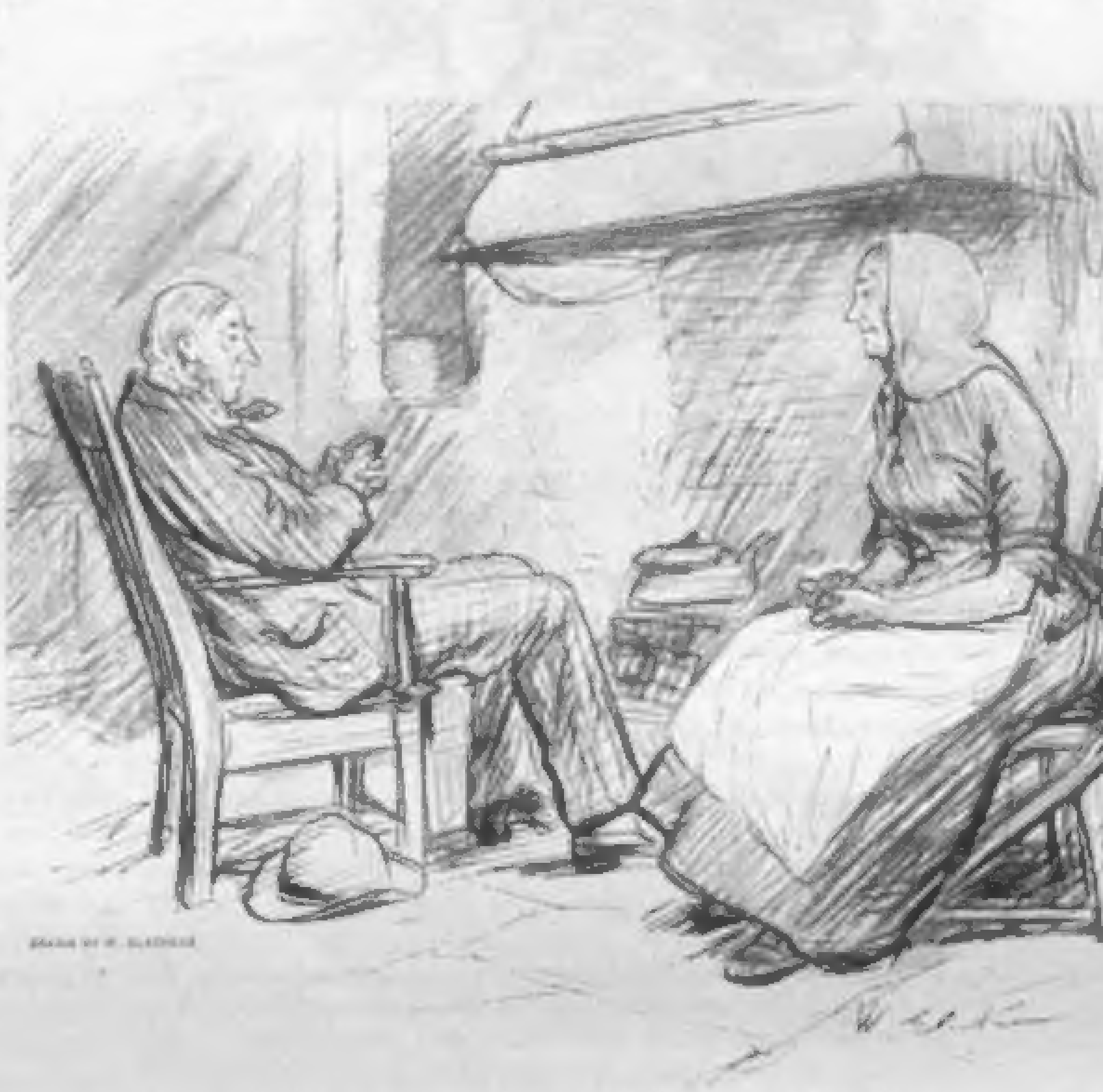
MRS. McGUFFIE sank wearily into the plain wooden armchair by her kitchen fire. Although it was nearly eight o'clock at night her day's work was still unfinished. "I'll just tak' five meenits, an' then I'll be at it again," she assured herself, yawning and stretching her arms upward and backward till the joints cracked. Her eyes closed, and she sighed heavily. . . .

A knock at the cottage door roused her, and, rubbing her eyes with her apron, she rose and went to open it.

"It's maybe *him*," she thought. "What'll I say to him?"

It was the prosperous widower himself; and presently he preceded her into the kitchen on loudly squeaking soles and seated himself in the armchair. He laid his hat on the floor beside him, smoothed his thin hair which appeared to have been treated lately with a well-soaked brush, breathed hard for a few moments, and mopped his brow with a large flame-colored handkerchief.

"Ye keep a rale braw an' tidy kitchen, Mistress McGuffie," he remarked at last, gazing about him with small but approving eyes. The remark was not new to his tongue, but it was no mere piece of flattery. The kitchen was the washerwoman's pride, and it is highly probable that the sight of it had been the first thing to make Mr. Robertson seriously consider the advisability of asking its owner to become his second wife. Mr. Robertson was essentially a practical man, and he had had difficulties with his various paid housekeepers.



"I WAS THINKIN' O' GETTIN' A COMPANION"

Having begun in such a pleasant fashion, the widower with a satisfied air lay back in his chair, rubbed his large hands, and gazed steadily at the fire for fully a minute.

At the end of that time, his hostess having kept silence also, he spoke again, without, however, removing his gaze from the fire.

"I preshoom," he said slowly and ponderously, "ye canna' be wholly eegnorant as to ma reason for veesitin' ye the nicht, Mistress McGuffie."

She made no response, and he went on:

"Apairt frae no' bein' ower weel aff, I can imagine ye whiles feel it kin' o' lanesome, an' feel the want o' a companion." He cleared his throat and was about to continue when—

"I was thinkin' o' gettin' a companion," said Mrs. McGuffie quietly.

"What's that?" exclaimed the widower, sitting up smartly and looking at her.

"I said I was thinkin' o' gettin' a companion, Maister Robison, an' I'll be gled to ha'e yer advice."

"Pro-ceed, if ye please," he said, partly recovering from his surprise, and endeavoring to look dignified.

She moistened her lips. "Ye'll dootless ha'e heard that Miss McNaught's leavin' Kinlochan next week."

"Ay."

"Weel, I was thinkin' o' gettin' her wee niece to bide wi' me."

"For hoo lang, micht I inquire?"

"For jist as lang as she'll bide. . . . I was thinkin' o' adoptin' her, ye see."

Mr. Robertson gasped. "Adoptin' her! Ye're shairly no' in earnest! Ye—ye canna afford it. Ye—ye——"

Mrs. McGuffie plucked at the apron on her lap. "Dae ye advise me no' to tak' the lassie?" she asked, without looking up.

"But—but what dae ye want wi' the lassie? She's ower wee to work for her meat, an' she canna pay her keep. What dae ye want wi' her, Mistress McGuffie?"

"Her auntie doesna luk efter her—she's no' fit to luk efter ony wean," said the woman hotly. "The puir lassie's jist neglec'it."

"But that's nane o' your business. Folk'll think ye've gaed daft if ye dae this thing. Ye're ower saft-hertit, Mistress McGuffie. Ye sud use yer brains mair." Here he solemnly wagged his large head, which was more bovine than leonine.

There was a silence. The woman was struggling with her temper.

"What dae ye want wi' the lassie?" he asked again.

"Oh, man, man!" she exclaimed impatiently, "ye wud never understaun'!"

Deeply offended, Mr. Robertson picked up his hat and rose. "Ma understandin' is as guid as maist folks'," he retorted. "I'll bid ye guid-nicht, Mistress McGuffie, an' I hope ye'll shin get quit o' yer stupit—I micht say insane—notion. I'll ca' again at this time this day week," he added very pointedly, "an' see."

He went stamping out from the kitchen and slammed the doors in turn behind him.

"Oh, me!" sighed Mrs. McGuffie; "oh, me! An' I thocht there was a wee chance that he—that he wud tak' Ann alang wi' me. . . . What's to be done noo?"

. . . .

At the hour he had appointed the widower knocked at Mrs. McGuffie's door. It was opened cautiously.

"Weel?" he said briefly.

Mrs. McGuffie smiled pleasantly. "I've jist been pittin' Ann to bed," she said, "for she was unco wearit efter her auntie gaed awa'. So ye'll excuse me no' askin' ye in the nicht, Maister Robison."

"D'ye mean to tell me ye've kep' her?" he almost roared.

"Whisht, man, whisht! Ye'll wauken her. Ay, I've kep' her, because, ye see, I cudna let her gang. So that's the end o' it!"

"Ay, that's the end o' it!" he growled. "Ye've had yer ch'ice, an' ye've ta'en yer ch'ice, Mistress McGuffie, an'——"

"Na, na, Maister Robison," she softly interrupted. "Ye're wrang there! It was you that had yer ch'ice. Guid-nicht to ye." And she shut the door as cautiously as she had opened it.

She returned to the kitchen, and there she drew back slightly the rough curtain she had fixed up that day to keep the light from the bed.

A little head with fair hair in numerous thin, tight pigtails rested comfortably on a snowy pillow, and the woman, with her heart full, looked long thereon.

"Oh, wee Ann!" sighed the woman. "I cudna dae wi'oot ye! . . . Ye're mines noo, an' I'll never let ye gang. I'll manage the siller some way."

She dropped the curtain and went over to the table where a heap of articles lay ready for ironing.

"Gang on wi' yer wark, Sarah McGuffie!" she muttered, smiling.

❧

The Private Car

AS A RULE the very rich men do not find it expedient to own their cars, unless they happen to be railway presidents. It is easier, and quite as satisfactory, to hire them, inasmuch as such vehicles, luxurious enough to satisfy the most exacting taste, may always be rented at a very reasonable price. Fifty dollars a day is all that the millionaire will have to pay for a small palace on wheels with an "observation-room" in front, a couple of beautifully furnished drawing-rooms, a dining-room, berths for seventeen persons (convertible into comfortable sofas in the daytime), a bathroom and a kitchen, with china-closet, pantry and cold-storage closet.

In addition to the fifty dollars a day, the millionaire pays the price of eighteen fares for the distances he travels—which is very reasonable, considering the fact that nothing is charged for heating and lights, that all tableware and linen are furnished, and that the company provides three trained servants, without cost to the lessee of the house on wheels. The porter, waiter and cook are under his orders, and the last-named servitor, being provided with a schedule of the journey contemplated, telegraphs ahead to the places where the car will stop for supplies of fresh fruits, vegetables and other provisions. Of course, the millionaire liquidates the food bills, but he is not bothered with any of the little details, and even the bouquet of flowers which he finds on his table every morning is produced by means agreeably mysterious. When he chooses to pause for any length of time on the trip the car is sidetracked and continues to be available as headquarters, so that he and his family are not obliged to go to a hotel. It is the most convenient arrangement imaginable, and, if the jaunt happens to be for sporting purposes, a whole pack of dogs may be taken along, the vehicle, appropriately selected for the object in view, being equipped with kennels, racks for guns and fishing-tackle.

Shipwrecked Without a Chaperon

Being a Narrative of the Unusual Adventure of a Certain Sort of Man, an Uncertain Sort of Maid and a Quite Exceptional Man-Servant

By George Randolph Chester

I—THE LUXURY OF BEING CAST AWAY

"LAND!" cried the girl at the tiller.

The man in the centre seat cast a comprehensive glance behind him, unshipped the oars, which had been lying idly on the gunwales, and, without a word, bent to his task, his strong arms and broad shoulders moving with the ease and precision of machinery.

The man who had been half-reclining in the bow, politely trying to look pleasant and keep from shivering at the same time, turned slowly at the exclamation and crouched upon his knees for better observation. Three days of driving before the storm in a disabled yacht, and a night of drifting in a frail rowboat, had worn him far more than the others, but he had never betrayed his distress by word or sign, and, as he had been uncomplaining through the hardships, now, at the prospect of deliverance, he betrayed no elation. He was good form personified.

Excitement, in a mild degree of course, might have been excused here even to him, however. The huge red rim of the sun had come up out of the cold sea, and the scattering mists of the morning suddenly revealed a shore whose waving palm trees, though still black against the gray of the sky, were enticing in their promise of food and shelter and safety from the perils of the hungry deep.

They were silent, these three, hushed with the silence of those who, knowing each other well, have in common a tense, vital interest, and who wait, with eager anxiety, the near release from grave danger. No sound was heard save the wash of the waters in their wake, and the rhythmic creak of the oars in the rowlocks, as the boat sped on toward the land that Providence had raised up out of the billows for them.

The golden sun rose full and round, and the shifting wisps of fog disappeared as if by the touch of a magic wand, disclosing a vast stretch of velvety-green foliage above an amber beach, upon which raced tiny waves now crimson-tipped by the dawn.

"It is Paradise!" cried the girl with a sigh of appreciation.

"I wonder what sort of people we shall find here," mused the man in the bow.

"We may, perhaps, be better off if the place is uninhabited," suggested the man at the oars.

"Quite true," assented the other gravely. "Especially as Miss Rawlins has now no chaperon."

"That's too good to keep, Arthur," laughed the girl. "I wish we had some one to tell it to. Even the profusely proper Mrs. Pottering would find amusement in the idea of a chaperon being necessary to a truly successful shipwreck."

The man at the oars grinned, but Mr. Arthur Vanderman almost looked displeased. There were times when he wished that his beautiful fiancée had a trifle more respect for his dignity.

Still, she was charming, even in her occasional flippancy. He had to admit that.

"I was assuming, of course," he replied, "that we were about to land in some place where the ordinary conventions of life are recognized. What country should you say this was, Williams?"

"I could not even hazard a guess, sir," replied Williams. "We are somewhere in the South Pacific. We drifted so long that it would be impossible to calculate any closer than that. One thing is certain, though. With all that vegetation yonder we must find food and water and can make ourselves a shelter—and that, just now, is life itself to us."

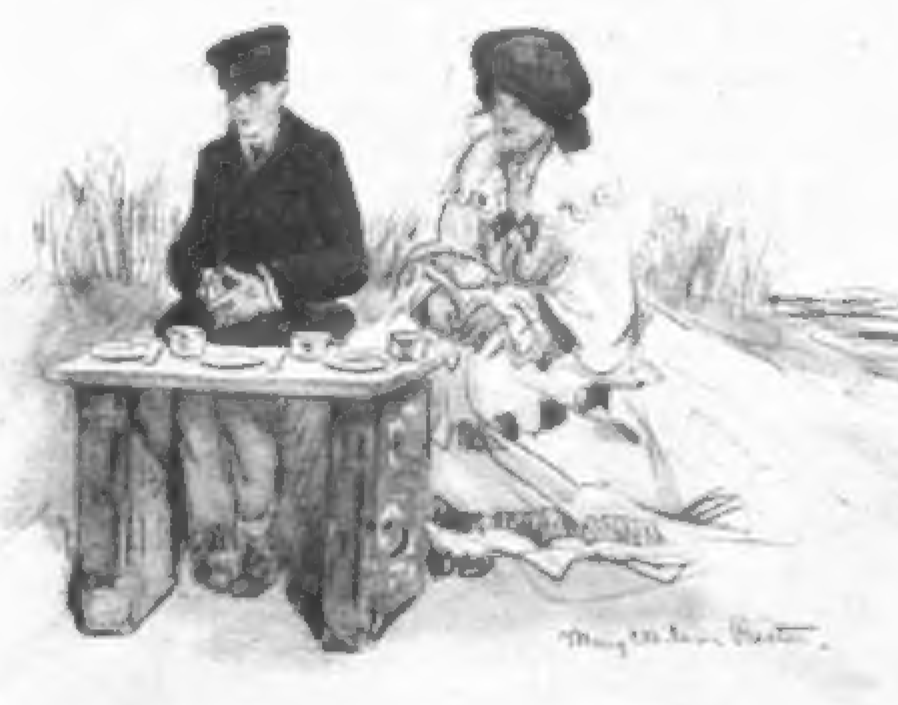
"Have you ever been shipwrecked before?" asked Mr. Vanderman, in the tone of one who is asking for references and means to be strict about them.

"Twice, sir," answered Williams.

"Indeed," said his master. "Then you know just what to do, which makes you a much more valuable man than you have been heretofore. You may, therefore, consider your wages raised ten dollars a month."

"Thank you," replied Williams. Then with a dry smile: "I only hope I shall have a chance to spend it before I die. We may never be able to leave this place if it is, as I think most likely, one of the many lonely South Pacific islands, far out of the path of ocean travel."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Rawlins, her eyes distending with speculation on the possibility. "And how romantic!" she added, as certain other phases of the situation occurred to her.



HE OBSERVED THERE WERE THREE COVERS

"If that is true we shall have to make the best of it," placidly said Mr. Vanderman with an untroubled brow. "But we must wait and see."

Williams glanced back with a respectful nod.

"You are game, all right, sir," said he. "I always did know that."

Mr. Vanderman decided to overlook the impertinence.

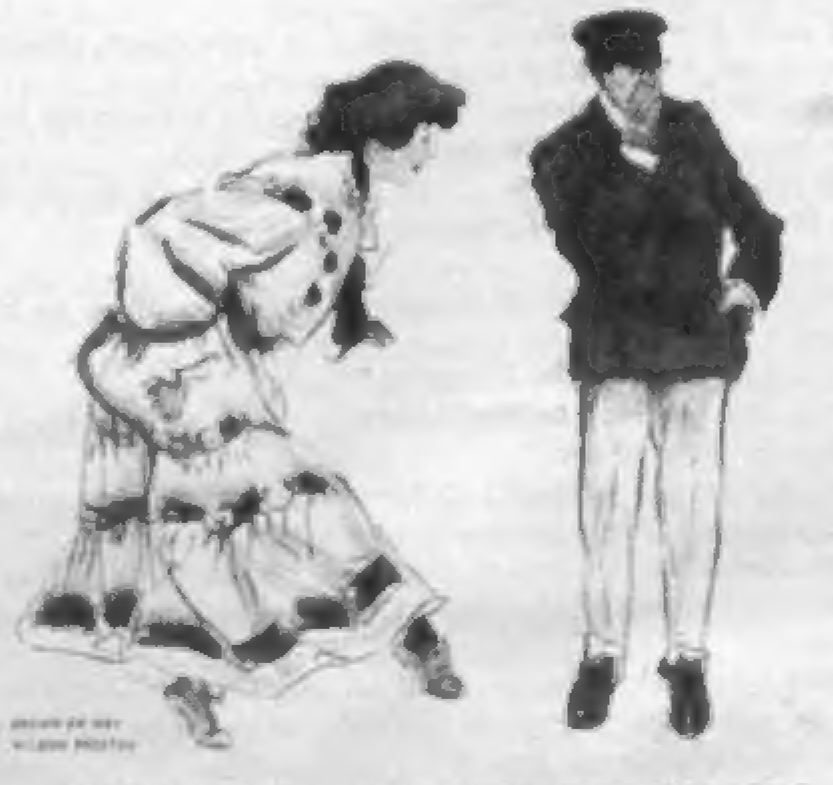
It was an ideal landing. A tiny reef skirted the shore, which bowed back, forming a snug little bay, and the reef was broken right in the centre, showing a broad, smooth channel to the sandy beach, which sloped abruptly into the water. Thus it was possible for Williams, with a vigorous stroke, to run the prow of the boat high into the sand and afford them a dry landing. Mr. Vanderman, with that fine courtesy for which he was distinguished, helped Miss Rawlins to alight, and trusted that she would not be too greatly inconvenienced by the hardships which might await them.

Miss Rawlins had no thought, just then, of hardships to come. Her limbs had been cramped by the luggage in the boat for so long that her first thought on landing was the joy of physical relaxation.

"Land, land, glorious land!" she cried, jumping up and down and finishing this exercise with a graceful little jig step, skirts held daintily back and strong walking shoes twinkling in and out. "The mere feeling of solid ground under my feet at last is bliss enough for me!"

"It is very grateful, indeed," assented Mr. Vanderman, looking around involuntarily, as if in apprehension lest some one might have observed her indiscreet behavior. He need not have worried. The beach behind them, the broad, natural greensward that stretched from it, and the dark forest still beyond were silent and deserted.

Williams drew the boat up as high on the sand as he could, and made a minute examination of beach and sward.



LOOKING AS IF IN APPREHENSION LEST SOME ONE MIGHT HAVE OBSERVED HER INDISCREET BEHAVIOR

"Humph!" said he, as he walked back from the grassy slope, sharpening a tough stick with his pocket-knife. "This is all right so far as living goes, but we needn't look for people, not even savages, and that's one comfort. If the place were populated this beach and natural harbor would never be neglected, but there is not a sign of fire having been made here nor of food having been consumed. There is not a broken fish-pole or line, nor, in fact, any one of the thousand little indications of human life. I guess it's an island, all right, and we've got it all to ourselves."

"Isn't it jolly?" exclaimed Miss Rawlins, turning enthusiastically to Mr. Vanderman. "Just think! We shall be a regular Robinson Crusoe party, and perhaps some one will write a book about us!"

Her fiancé did not answer. He was earnestly trying to readjust himself. Life without people was a thing that had never been contemplated by him, even remotely, and the condition needed an enormous amount of readjustment. Here, for instance, was Miss Rawlins, alone on an island, if island it was, with two men and no chaperon! It was a terribly compromising position for her, too delicate even to dwell upon; and the strange part of it was that she did not seem to comprehend, even yet, the social gravity of it all.

"Perhaps Williams is mistaken," he hopefully ventured. "An exploration farther inland may yet discover some traces of habitation."

The two had walked back to the grassy slope by this time, and now sat down on the natural ledge where sand and sod met, to watch Williams. That handy man was very busy. He first removed from the boat two suit-cases, then a water-keg, a pail packed with provisions, a canvas bag of kitchen utensils, canned goods and other miscellany, a bundle of blankets, a tarpaulin, a hatchet, an axe, a saw, two guns and a jointed fishing-rod. These things piled far back on the beach, he drew the boat up as far as he could drag it, drove his stake as deep into the sand as possible, and moored the boat to it. Then he hurried back to the tree line and returned with an armload of dry sticks with which he built a fire, taking his match from an oilskin-wrapped parcel that he drew from his inside pocket. From the bag he took a coffee-pot, a skillet, three tin plates, tin cups, knives, forks and spoons. From the pail he took a loaf of bread, a side of bacon, coffee, condensed milk, butter and sugar. In a few minutes he had a pot of coffee simmering on the fire, and when this was ready he removed it and put on the skillet, into which he put three generous slices of bacon. While this was frying he removed a seat from the boat, carried it and the two suit-cases up to where Mr. Vanderman and Miss Rawlins sat, up-ended the suit-cases and laid the seat across them. On this improvised table he placed the plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons and provisions, then returned with his skillet and coffee-pot and a second boat seat, and served them a piping hot breakfast.

A slight shade of perplexity crossed Mr. Vanderman's brow. He was not yet fully readjusted, and he observed that there were three covers upon the table in front of him. Would Williams, taking advantage of their unconventional situation, go so far as to——

No, Williams would not. Taking his own plate and cup he set them upon the extra boat seat and, within easy reach, squatted upon the ground and tackled his own breakfast with a relish. His only encroachment was in not waiting until the others had finished.

"Delicious!" said Miss Rawlins after biting into a morsel of the crisp bacon and taking a bite of the good bread. "This is what I call being shipwrecked in comfort and even luxury. I had no idea that mere bacon and bread and butter could be so exquisite."

"Really," said Mr. Vanderman, buttering his second slice of bread, "I presume that this bacon will be very bad for my digestion, but it does taste good, and the coffee is perfect. I must compliment you, Williams."

"It's easy to cook for hungry people," sententiously replied Williams, eying the trees. "We'll have fruit for breakfast to-morrow, and I think some fresh eggs, with fresh meat and fish whenever we want them."

"I must promise you another raise of wages in Mr. Vanderman's name, Williams," laughed Miss Rawlins. "A magician of your calibre ought to be well paid. You'll be rich if we stay here long enough, because you won't have any opportunity to spend your money."

"That's the only way I'll ever get rich," returned Williams, with the memory of certain lurid incidents which had kept him poor.

Glancing up at that moment he caught a fleeting look of well-bred displeasure upon his master's face, and suddenly comprehended that he was indulging in too much conversation for a servant.

It was a magnificent breakfast. Miss Rawlins and Mr. Vanderman sat looking out upon the rippling sea and the fleece-flecked sky, a rug of green beneath them and a carpet of yellow stretching out to the water's edge. Miss Rawlins was drinking in the beauties of the scene, while Mr. Vanderman was speculating on the delicacy and difficulties of their position. Hardship with a stag party he could have borne with a fair grace, but here was Miss Rawlins — his fiancée — and no chaperon!

"Williams," said he, as soon as they had finished breakfast, "as soon as you have put away these things we will start for the interior, to see if this place is not, after all, inhabited."

Williams shook his head. He had sat all through breakfast studying the land and the trees as far as he could see them, and he had a far different idea.

"It won't do, sir," he said. "You take my word for it that there is not another human being on this island, but there are snakes and small wild animals, and I must spend the day putting up a snake-proof and animal-proof shelter for Miss Rawlins. To-night you and I will take alternate watches, and keep a fire going to attract any possible passing vessels. The one not on watch will sleep in the boat."

Mr. Vanderman gasped. This was the first time that Williams had ever ventured to argue a point with him, and he privately made up his mind to dismiss him as soon as they had returned to civilization. He was a kind and considerate master, but insubordination was a thing with which he could not put up.

Miss Rawlins solved the disagreeable situation for him. She had been rather admiring the handy-man's practical grasp of the problem. She was not used to close contact with resourceful men, and this new phase of Williams' character appealed to her. She looked up, conscious, perhaps, of her power.

"Suppose you and I go exploring in the boat, Arthur," she suggested. "We can tell in that way if it is an island or inhabited. If we don't come around to this place by noon we will mark the spot we reached on the shore and turn back. We surely can't miss this harbor. Come on, Van."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Vanderman. It was impossible, of course, to refuse a request of his fiancée, and it enabled him gracefully to give up the point to Williams, whom he saw to be in the right.

Williams hastily put them up a lunch and ran the boat down into the water. Mr. Vanderman had taken his place at the oars when the utter unconventionality of the proceeding again occurred to him, and he looked at Miss Rawlins uncomfortably.

"Hadn't we better have Williams go with us?" he hesitated.

"Williams! I don't see why. Can't you row the distance?"

"Certainly, but I thought you might prefer it in — in the interest of good form, you know." He knew that it was very crass of him to say this, but she was so very, very insensible to the situation.

Miss Rawlins was indiscreet enough to flash a smile of amusement up at Williams, but she was very careful not to let Mr. Vanderman see it.

"If you think it would look better to the neighbors I can stay here while you explore the coast," she suggested demurely.

"Shove off, Williams," said Mr. Vanderman. He was as nearly vexed as he ever permitted himself to be.

Williams stood looking after them as Mr. Vanderman bent to his work.

"That man has absorbed good form until it is breaking out, like nettle-rash, all over him," he mused. "Funniest rich man's son I ever heard of. He's a pretty good sort, too, if he hadn't been raised on starch and pickles. But — ain't the girl a peach!"

DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"WHAT COUNTRY SHOULD YOU SAY THIS WAS, WILLIAMS?"

II — SHE CALLED HIM "MISTER"

WILLIAMS, left to himself, wasted no time, but sailed into the work he had mapped out for himself. His first act was to exchange his clothes for overalls and a blue flannel shirt from the canvas bag; then he made for the timber with hatchet, axe and saw. He had already selected a quadrangle of four straight-trunked trees in the thinly-wooded edge of the forest, and he now began to cut and slash.

It would have been a pleasure to watch the man at his work. He first chopped out all the underbrush in and around the quadrangle of trees, then chopped down other trees that grew too near for his purpose, and from these trimmed four stout poles and four stout stakes about eight feet long. The stakes he drove into the ground at the inner angles of his four trees, until their squared tops were about six feet above the ground. Upon these he rested his four poles, binding them all firmly to each other and to the trees and their stakes at the corners, thus constructing a square staging higher than his head. Poles for rafters were laid upon this staging and a close floor of smaller poles laid upon the rafters, all being bound firmly together with tough strands of wild grapevines.

Another staging, but lighter, was then constructed about seven feet above the first one, also supported at the corners with stout poles bound to the trees, and all securely bound together. Above this he brought four more poles, one from each corner, and all four meeting in a peak at the centre. The skeleton result of his work could then be seen as an elevated hut, about twelve feet square, with a peaked roof.

He never stopped, except to wipe the perspiration from his brow. Rafters were put on the roof and transverse studding on the walls, the latter being cross-braced and spaces being left for a door facing the sea and a window opposite it in the rear wall. In one corner he built a framework about seven feet long, three feet wide and a foot high. The top of this he covered with carefully selected straight poles of about an inch in thickness, tough and springy, and piled it high with fragrant branches from the trees. Over this he spread, and tied down at the ends and sides, a piece of the tarpaulin, and Miss Rawlins' couch was done.

Among the underbrush the tireless Williams worked like a harvester now, gathering great armloads of the leafy branches, and with these he thatched the roof and carpeted the floor. Then he began to thatch the walls of the hut, beginning at the rear. The sun had passed the zenith considerably when he had finished the rear wall, so, stepping back just once to admire his work, he hurried down to the water's edge and looked up and down past the horns of the bay. He saw with satisfaction that the explorers were not in sight. He wanted to get the hut finished before they returned. Pausing for a lunch he hurried back to work.

He did not return to the thatching at once, but, instead, slanted two long, stout poles from the door to the ground, and on this proceeded to notch in and bind a double ladder, putting on a round in front and another diagonally upward behind it, so that the two rounds, front and rear, would form a step about six inches in width, thus making a fairly comfortable stepladder. Driving a stake at the ground end of each pole of the ladder and binding a handrail from each of these to the corresponding doorpost he converted the stepladder into a rustic stairway — and still he worked on.

He had thatched the rear portion of each side wall when a hail from Miss Rawlins brought him tumbling to the ground, and he beheld the boat slowly nearing the beach, Mr. Vanderman lacking steam to a remarkable extent but pulling steadily at his oars.

"Did you get any eggs?" asked Williams, running down to the beach.

"How did you know?" exclaimed Miss Rawlins.

"Saw the birds making from over there, great flocks of them. Steep rocks over on the other side, I judged," he answered as he caught the rope and swung the prow in on the beach.

"Yes, great steep bluffs in some places and low rocks in others, and all just covered with birds and eggs — eggs enough to make us omelets for years. We rowed in and picked a lot of them up, while the stupid birds just looked at us. This is an island, sure enough, and there isn't another speck of land in sight in any direction. We've been clear around, and it must be about ten miles. We've been gone at least six hours, and we've named it Rawlins Island, although I wanted to call it the Chaperonless Paradise. Van wouldn't let me, though — why, Van, what's the matter!"

She had been rattling on with scarcely a pause for breath, but now she bent suddenly forward, very much concerned. Mr. Vanderman had not moved, and Williams bent down quickly to look at him. He was white as paper, his eyes were staring, little flecks of foam were on his lips, and his breath was whistling in and out.

"I'll get you a drink of water, Mr. Vanderman," said Williams solicitously. "You've overdone it a little, I think, sir."

Mr. Vanderman summoned up strength enough to wave his hand, then closed his lips in a firm, straight line and rose to his feet. Disdaining Williams' outstretched hand he clambered out of the boat, motioned the other aside, and himself waited to aid Miss Rawlins in landing. He firmly strode up the sand by her side for about two rods — and suddenly toppled to the ground. Before he did so, however, he murmured: "Excuse me!"

"Game as a pebble! The gamest rich man's son I ever saw!" blurted Williams as he ran for a cup of water.

Mr. Vanderman had opened his eyes when he got back, and this time he did not refuse a drink, but took it quite gratefully from the hand of Miss Rawlins.

"I am very sorry to have distressed you," he said, when the draft of water and a moment's rest had brought the color back to his cheek. "The glint of the sun on the water and the unusual exertion must have made me dizzy."

"It was the exertion, Van," said Miss Rawlins contritely. "I noticed that you were becoming fatigued. Why didn't you let me row a little bit?"

"How could I?" he asked simply.

Williams was again heard to mutter something about a pebble, and hurried down to haul up the boat and make it fast. He had scarcely done this when he heard a little scream of delight from Miss Rawlins. She had discovered the hut. When he rejoined Mr. Vanderman she had reached the rustic stairway, and after a pause to admire it tripped on up and into her "room," where she gave a comprehensive glance at its comforts and then stood in the doorway of her leafy bower awaiting the men, fairly beaming with gratification.

When they had come up the stairway and joined her she made them a pretty courtesy and bade them welcome, then shook Williams warmly by the hand.

"I cannot tell you what a delightful surprise this is, Mr. Williams," she said. "I am sure I do not know how to thank you enough."

Williams colored with pleasure. She had called him Mister!

Mr. Vanderman had also noticed this distinction.

"It is a splendid achievement — er — *Williams*," he said quite pointedly; but Miss Rawlins was too busy inspecting her new home to notice the difference. "You cannot be too

(*Continued on Page 21*)

A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

PHOTO. BY [illegible]

CLIFF ROCK, NEAR CRAGSMOOR, NEW YORK

The Story of Fifteen Lost Years

BY

Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

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FROM A NEGATIVE BY [illegible]

MRS. MAYBRICK BEFORE HER TRIAL

THE day that I had completed the nine months of solitary confinement I entered upon a new stage, that of probation for nine months. I was taken from Hall G to Hall A. There were in Woking seven halls, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, separated by two barred doors and a narrow passage. Every hall has three wards. The wardress who accompanied me locked me in my cell. I looked around with a sense of intense relief. The cell was as large again as the one I had left. The floor was of wood instead of slate. It contained a camp bedstead on which was placed a so-called mattress, consisting of a sack the length of the bed, stuffed with coir, the fibre of the cocoanut. There were also provided two coarse sheets, two blankets and a red counterpane. In a corner were three iron shelves let in the wall one above the other. On the top shelf was folded a cape, and on top of this there was a small, coarse straw bonnet. The second shelf contained a tin cup, a tin plate, a wooden spoon and a salt-cellar. The third shelf was given up to a slate, on which might be written complaints or requests to the governor; it is a punishable offense in prison to write with a pencil or on any paper not provided.

There was also a Bible, a prayer-book and hymn-book, and a book from the library. Near the door stood a log of wood upright, fastened to the floor, and this was the only seat in the cell. It is immovable, and so placed that the prisoner may always be in view of the wardress. Near it, let into the wall, was a piece of deal board, which answered for a table. Through an almost opaque piece of square glass light glimmered from the hall, the only means of lighting the cell at night; facing this, high up, was a barred window admitting light from the outside.

The routine of my daily life was the same as during "solitary confinement." The cell door may be open, but its outer covering or gate is locked, and although I knew there was a human creature separated from me only by a cell wall and another gate, not a whisper might I breathe. There is no rule of prison discipline so productive of trouble and disaster as the silent system, and the tyrannous and rigorous method with which it is enforced is the cause of two-thirds of all the misconduct and disturbance that occurs in prison. The silence rule gives supreme gratification to the tyrannous officer, for on the slightest pretext she can report a woman for talking—a turn of the head, a movement of the lips, is enough of an excuse for a report. And there is heavy punishment that can be inflicted for this offense, both in the male and female prisons. An offender may be consigned to solitary confinement, put for three days on bread and water, or suffer the loss of a week's remission, which means a week added to her term of imprisonment—and all this for incautiously uttering a word.

Unless it be specifically intended as a means of torture, the system of solitary confinement, even for four months, the term to which it has since been reduced, can meet only with condemnation. I am convinced that, within limits, the right of speech and the interchange of thought, at least for two hours daily, even during probation, would insure better discipline than perpetual silence, which can be enforced only by a brutal suppression of nature, and must result in consequent weakness of mind and ruin of temper. During the first months of her sentence a prisoner is more frequently in trouble for breach of this one rule than from all other causes. The reduction of the term of probation from nine to four months has been followed by a reduction in mental afflictions, which is proof that nothing wholesome or good can have its growth in unnatural solitude.

No defender of the silent system pretends that it wholly succeeds in preventing speech among prisoners. But be that as it may, a period of four months' solitary confinement in the case of a female, and six months' in the case of a male, and especially of a girl or youth, is surely a crime against civilization and humanity. Such a punishment is inexpressible torture to both mind and body. I speak from experience. The system of continually enforced silence is known to produce insanity or nervous breakdown more than any other feature connected with prison discipline. Since the passing of the act of 1898, mitigating this form of punishment, much good has been accomplished, as is proven by the diminution of insanity in prison life, the decreasing scale of prison punishment, and the lessening of the death rate. By still further reducing this barbarous practice, or better, by abolishing it entirely, corresponding happy results may confidently be expected. The more prisoners are placed under conditions and amid surroundings calculated to develop a better life, the greater the hope that the system will prove curative; but so long as prisoners are subjected to conditions which have a hardening effect at the very beginning of their prison life there is little chance of ultimate reformation.

The nervous crises do not now supervene as frequently as formerly in the case of prisoners of a brooding disposition, but the fact remains that, in spite of the slight amelioration, mental light is still excluded—that communion of soul on which rests all human well-being. The vacuity of the solitary system, to some at least, is partially lighted by books. But what of those who cannot read, or who have not sufficient concentration of mind to profit by reading as a relaxation? There are many such, in spite of the high standard of free education that prevails at the present day. The shock of the trial, and the uprooting of a woman's domestic ties, coupled with the additional mental strain of having to start her prison career in solitary confinement, is surely neither humane, merciful nor wise. These months of solitary confinement leave an ineffaceable mark. It is during the first lonely months that the seeds of bitterness and hardness of heart are sown, and it requires more than a passive resistance—nay, nothing short of faith and trust in an overruling Providence—to bring a prisoner safely through the ordeal. Let the sympathetic reader try to realize what it means never to feel the touch of anything soft or warm, never to see anything that is attractive—nothing but stone above, around and beneath. The deadly chill creeps into one's bones; the bitter days of winter and the still bitterer nights were torture, for Woking Prison was not heated. My hands and feet were covered with chilblains.

Oh, the horrors of insomnia! If one could only forget one's sufferings in sleep. During all the fifteen years of my imprisonment insomnia was (and alas! is still) my constant companion. Little wonder! I might fall asleep, when suddenly the whole prison would be awakened by shriek upon shriek, rending the stillness of the night. I am now, perforce, fully awake. Into my ears go tearing all the shrill execrations and blasphemies, all the hideous uproars of an inferno, compounded of bangs, shrieks and general demoniac ragings. The wild smashing of glass startles the halls. I lie in my darkened cell with palpitating heart. Like a savage beast the woman of turmoil has torn her clothing and bedding into shreds, and now she is destroying all she can lay hands on. The ward officers are rushing about in slippered feet; the bell rings summoning the warders, who are always needed when such outbursts occur, and the woman, probably in a strait-jacket, is borne to the penal cells. Then stillness broods over the ghastly place, and with quivering nerves I may sleep—if I can.

But what if one is ill in the night? The lonely prisoner in her cell may summon aid by ringing the bell. The moment it is set in motion it causes a black iron slab to project from the outer wall of her cell into the gallery. On the slab is the prisoner's number, and the ward officer, hearing the bell, at once looks for the cell from which the call has been sent. Presently she finds it, then fetches the principal matron, and together they enter the hard, unhomelike place. If the prisoner is ill they call the doctor of the prison, and medicines and aid will be given. But sympathy is no part of their official duty, and be the wardress never so tender in her own domestic circle, tenderness must not be shown toward a prisoner. The patient may be removed from her cell to the infirmary, where they will care for her medically, perhaps as well as they would in a hospital; she may even receive a few flowers from an infirmary warder whose heart comes out from its shell; but through it all, sick though she be, she is still a prisoner under lock and key, a woman under surveillance, a woman denied communion with her kind.

There are many women who hover about the borderland of insanity for months, possibly for years. They are recognized as weak-minded, and consequently they make capital out of their condition, and by the working of their distorted minds, and petty tempers and unreasonable jealousy, add immeasurably not only to the ghastliness of the "house of sorrow," but are a sad clog on the efforts to self-betterment of their level-minded sisters in misery. Of these many try hard to make the best of what has to be gone through. Therefore is it necessary, is it wise, is it right, that such a state of things should be allowed? The weak-minded should be kept in a separate place, with their own officers to attend them. Neither the weak-minded, the epileptic nor the consumptives were separated. There is need of great reform wherever this is the case. Prisoners whose behavior is different from the normal should be separated from the other prisoners, and made to serve out their sentences under specially adapted conditions.

I read in the newspapers that insanity is on the increase; this fact is clearly reflected within the prison walls. It is stated that the insane form about three per thousand of the general population. In local English prisons insanity, it is said, even after deducting those who come in insane, is seven times more prevalent than among the general population.

What words can adequately describe the long years, blank and weary enough for all prisoners, but which are indescribably so to one who has had the benefit of culture and has been delicately nurtured! I had tasted the refinements of civilization; I had pitied and tried, as far as lay in my power, to help the poor and afflicted, but I had never known anything of the human barbarism, the sordid vices of low life. And I was condemned to drag out my life amid such surroundings because twelve ignorant men had taken upon themselves to decide a question which neither the incompetent judge nor the medical witnesses could themselves determine.

The law in prison is the same for the rich as the poor, the "Star Class" as for the ignorant, brutalized criminal. My register was: "L: P. 29." These letters and numbers were worked in white cotton upon a piece of black cloth. Your sentence is indicated, thus: "L" stands for penal servitude for life; "P" for the year of conviction, which in my case was the sixteenth year since the previous lettering. This is done every twenty-five years. The "29" meant that I was the twenty-ninth convict of my year, 1889. In addition to this register I wore a red cloth star placed above it. The "Star Class," of which I was a member, consisted of women who have committed one crime only, in a moment of weakness or despair, or under pressure they were not strong enough to resist at the time, such as infanticide, forgery, incendiarism, and who, having been educated and respectably brought up, betray otherwise no criminal instincts or inclinations: such people as, in the world, would be distinct in character from the habitual criminal, not only from a social point of view, but from an ethical one as well

There should be separate rules and privileges to meet the class guilty of moral lapses only, as distinguished from the habitual breaker of the laws. At present they may receive the same number of letters and visits and they receive the same treatment and discipline as the habitual criminal of four or five convictions, and they cannot claim a single privilege that these old offenders have not a right to ask. The "Star Class" are supposed to be kept separate from ordinary prisoners. It was so at Woking Prison. But at Aylesbury Prison, to which I was transferred later, they were sandwiched between two wards of habitual criminals, with whom they continually came in contact, not only in passing to and from the workshops, fetching meals and going to exercise, but incessantly. That contamination should ensue is hardly surprising. It requires a will of iron, and nearly the spirit of a saint, not to be corrupted by the sights and sounds of a prison, even when no word is spoken. It is a serious accusation against any system to say "that it produces the thing it is designed to prevent," but such, I am convinced, is the fact as regards the manufacture of criminals and imbeciles by the present English system of penalism.

Having passed solitary confinement and probation I entered upon the third stage, hard labor, when I was permitted to leave my cell to assist in carrying meals from the kitchen, and to sit at my door and converse with the prisoners in the adjoining cells for two hours daily—but always in the presence of an officer who controls and limits the conversation. My daily routine was now also somewhat different from that of solitary confinement and probation.

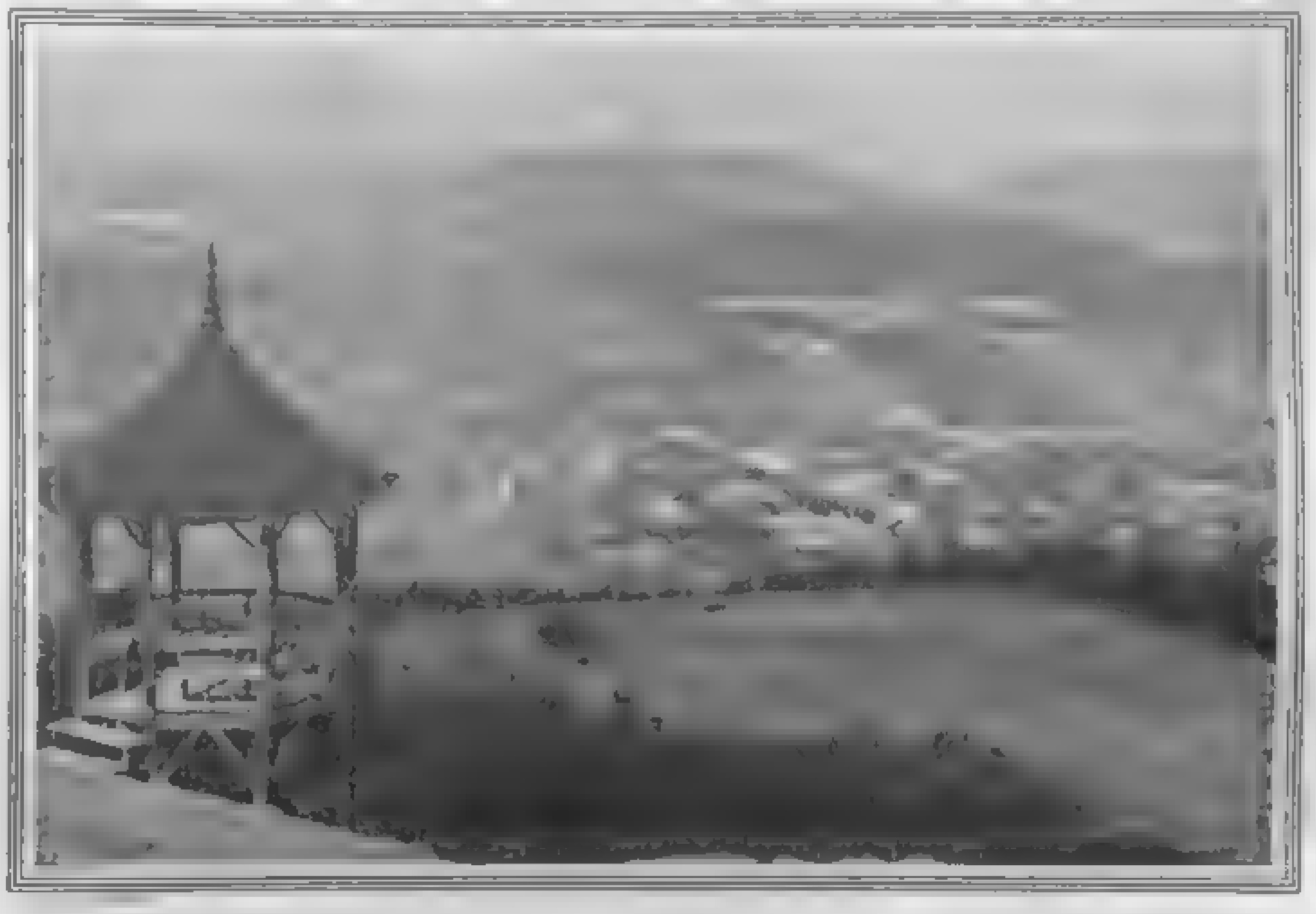
At six o'clock the rising-bell rings. Half an hour later a second bell signifies to the officers that it is time to come on duty. Each wardress in charge of certain wards—there are three wards to each hall—then goes to the chief matron's office, where she receives a key wherewith to unlock the prisoners' cells. All keys are given up by the wardress before going off duty, and locked for the night in an iron safe under the charge of a male warder. The wardress in possession of her key then repairs to her ward, and at the order "Unlock" she lets out the prisoners to empty their slops. This done, they are once more locked in, with the exception of three women who go down to the kitchen to fetch the cans of tea and loaves of bread which make up the prisoners' breakfast. At Woking the breakfast was of cocoa and coarse meal bread, while at Aylesbury the breakfast consisted of tea and white bread. On this point I am convinced that more consideration should be shown, in order that no woman physically unfit should be made to do this heavy carrying and lifting. The can is carried by two women up two or three flights of stairs, according to the location of her ward, and the bread by one woman only. Each can contains fourteen quarts of tea, and the bread-basket holds thirty pounds or more of bread. This physical strain was far beyond my strength, and left me utterly exhausted after the task.

The breakfast was served at seven o'clock, when the officers returned to the messroom to take theirs. At 7:30 a bell rang again, and the officers returned to their respective wards. At ten minutes to eight the order was given, "Unlock" Once more the doors were opened. Then followed the order, "Chapel," and each woman stood at her door with Bible, prayer book and hymn-book in her hand. At the words "Pass on" they file one behind the other into the chapel, where a wardress from each ward sits with her back to the altar that she may be able the better to watch those under her charge, and see that they do not speak. After a service of twenty minutes the prisoners file back to their cells, place their books on the lower shelf, and with a drab cape and a white straw hat stand in readiness for the next order, "To your doors." This given they descend into the hall and pass out to their respective places of work

Many of these women have their tender, spiritual moments. At such times they will beg for a favorite hymn to be sung at the chapel service on Sunday, and their requests are generally granted by the chaplain. He is the only friend of the prisoners, and his work is arduous and often thankless. He is the only one within the walls to whom she may turn for sympathy and advice It may not be every woman who gladly avails herself of the enforced privilege of attending daily chapel "Religion," as a term, is unpalatable to many. But there are very few who are not better and happier for the few moments' unofficial talk with her chaplain, be she Protestant or Roman Catholic

It is to be regretted that the chaplain's authority is so limited, and his opportunities for brightening the lives of those who walk in dark places so few. Red tape and standing orders confront him at every turn, so that even the religious training is drawn and sucked beneath the mighty wheel of the Penal Code, and there is no time for personal suasion to play more than a minor part in a convict's life.

The work for the first offenders, who are called the "Star Class," consists of labor in the kitchen, the mess and the officers' quarters. Six months after I entered upon the third stage I was put to work in the kitchen. My duties were as follows: to wash ten cans, each holding four quarts; to scrub one table, twenty feet in length; two dressers, twelve feet in length; to wash five hundred dinner-tins; to clean knives; to wash a sack of potatoes; to assist in serving the dinners, and to scrub a piece of floor twenty by ten feet. Besides myself there were eight other women on hard labor in the kitchen. Our day commenced at 5:30 A. M., and continued until 5:30 P. M. A half hour at breakfast-time, twenty minutes at chapel, one hour and a half after the midday meal, and half an hour after tea, summed up our leisure. The work was hard and rough. The combined heat of the coppers, the stove and the steamers was overpowering, especially on hot summer days; but I struggled on, doing this work preferably to some other, because the kitchen was the only place where the monotony of prison life was broken. It was the "show place," and all visitors looked in to see the food



VIEW FROM CRAGSMOOR, NEW YORK, THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. EMMET DENSMORE, WHOSE GUEST MRS. MAYBRICK HAS BEEN SINCE HER ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

What dining in prison means may be judged by a perusal of the schedule as given in the Prison Commission Report:

DIET FOR FEMALE CONVICTS

Breakfast

Three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, containing ⅛ ounce of cocoa, 2 ounces milk, ⅛ ounce of molasses. Bread.

Dinner

Sunday. 4 ounces tinned pressed beef. Bread.

Monday. Mutton .
Tuesday. Beef . .
Wednesday. Mutton
Friday. Beef . . .
3 ounces (cooked), with its own liquor, flavored ⅛ ounce onions, and thickened with bread and potatoes left from previous days, ⅛ ounce of flour, and for every 100 convicts ⅛ ounce of pepper; ½ pound potatoes Bread.

Saturday. 1 pint soup, containing 6 ounces of shins of beef (uncooked), 1 ounce pearl barley, 3 ounces of fresh vegetables, including onions, and for every 100 convicts ⅛ ounce pepper. ½ pound potatoes. Bread

Thursday. ½ pound pudding, containing 1 ounce 2 drachms water. ½ pound potatoes. Bread.

Supper

1 pint gruel, containing 2 ounces oatmeal, ⅛ ounce molasses, 2 ounces milk. Bread.

Bread per convict per week, 118 ounces.
Bread per convict each week-day, 16 ounces.
Bread per convict each Sunday, 22 ounces
Salt per convict per day, ½ ounce

Note—A convict employed in washing, or other exceptional hard work, may have daily an extra allowance of 3 ounces bread, and of cheese 1 ounce, as an intermediate meal between breakfast and dinner, and an extra allowance of 1 ounce of meat (uncooked) four times a week. A convict on entering the second-class will have the choice of 1 pint of tea (made of ⅛ ounce tea, ½ ounce of sugar, 2 ounces milk) and 2 ounces additional bread instead of gruel for supper; and a convict on entering the first or special class will have, in addition to the above, the choice of 4 ounces of baked mutton cooked in its own liquor, not flavored or thickened, instead of boiled meat or soup, if she takes tea instead of gruel. The food is wholesome, but spoiled by overcooking. But oh! how jaded the palate becomes.

During the four years I worked in the kitchen I saw many people. The Duke of Connaught, Sir Evelyn Wood and his staff, Lord Alverston, Sir Edmund Du Cane, the late Lord Rothschild and Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, besides judges, magistrates, authors and philanthropists and others of an inquiring turn of mind, who had obtained the necessary permit to make the tour of the prison under the escort of the governor or one or two of his satellites. These gentlemen and ladies expressed the most varied and sometimes startling opinions. I recollect on one occasion, when some visitors happened to be inspecting the kitchens during the dishing up of the hospital patients' dinners, one old gentleman of the party was quite scandalized at the sight of a juicy mutton chop and a tempting milk pudding. He expostulated in such a way that the governor hastened to explain that it was not the ordinary prison diet, but was intended for a very sick woman. Even then this old gentleman was not satisfied, and stalked out, audibly grumbling about people living on the fat of the land and getting a better dinner than he did. I firmly believe he left the prison under the impression that its inmates lived like pampered gourmets, and that he no longer marveled that there were so many criminals when they were fed on such luxuries

On another occasion a benevolent-looking old lady, having given everything and everybody as minute an inspection as was possible, expressed herself as being charmed, remarking:

"Everything is so nice and homelike!"

I have often wondered what that good lady's home was like.

A little philosophy is useful, a saving grace, even in prison; but people have such different ways of expressing sympathy. A visitor, who I have no doubt intended to be sympathetic, was speaking to me one day, and inquired:

"How long a time have you to do?"

"I have just completed ten years," was my reply.

"Oh, well," cheerfully responded the sympathetic one, "you have done half your time, haven't you? The remaining ten years will soon slip by," and the visitor passed on blissfully ignorant of the sword she had unwittingly thrust into my aching heart. Even if a prisoner has little or no hope of a mitigation, it is not pleasant to have an old wound ruthlessly handled, and ten years' imprisonment as lightly spoken of as ten days' might be.

I preferred the kitchen work, although often beyond my strength, to any other that fell to a prisoner's lot because of the glimpses into the outside world it occasionally afforded. But I never permitted myself to dwell upon the fact that at one time I had been the social equal of at least the majority of those with whom I thus came into passing contact, as to do so would have made my position by contrast so unbearable that it would have unfitted me to do the work in a spirit of submission, not to speak of the mental suffering which awakened memories would have occasioned. I soon found that both my spiritual and mental salvation, under the repressive rules in force, depended upon unresisting acquiescence; keeping my sensibilities dulled as near as possible to the level of the brutish state which the Penal Code, whether intentionally or otherwise, inevitably brings about.

There are so many prisoners with whom complaint-making is a mania, who on every possible occasion make trivial, exaggerated and false complaints, that it is not altogether

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Editor's Note—This is the fourth installment of Mrs. Maybrick's own story. The fifth will appear next week.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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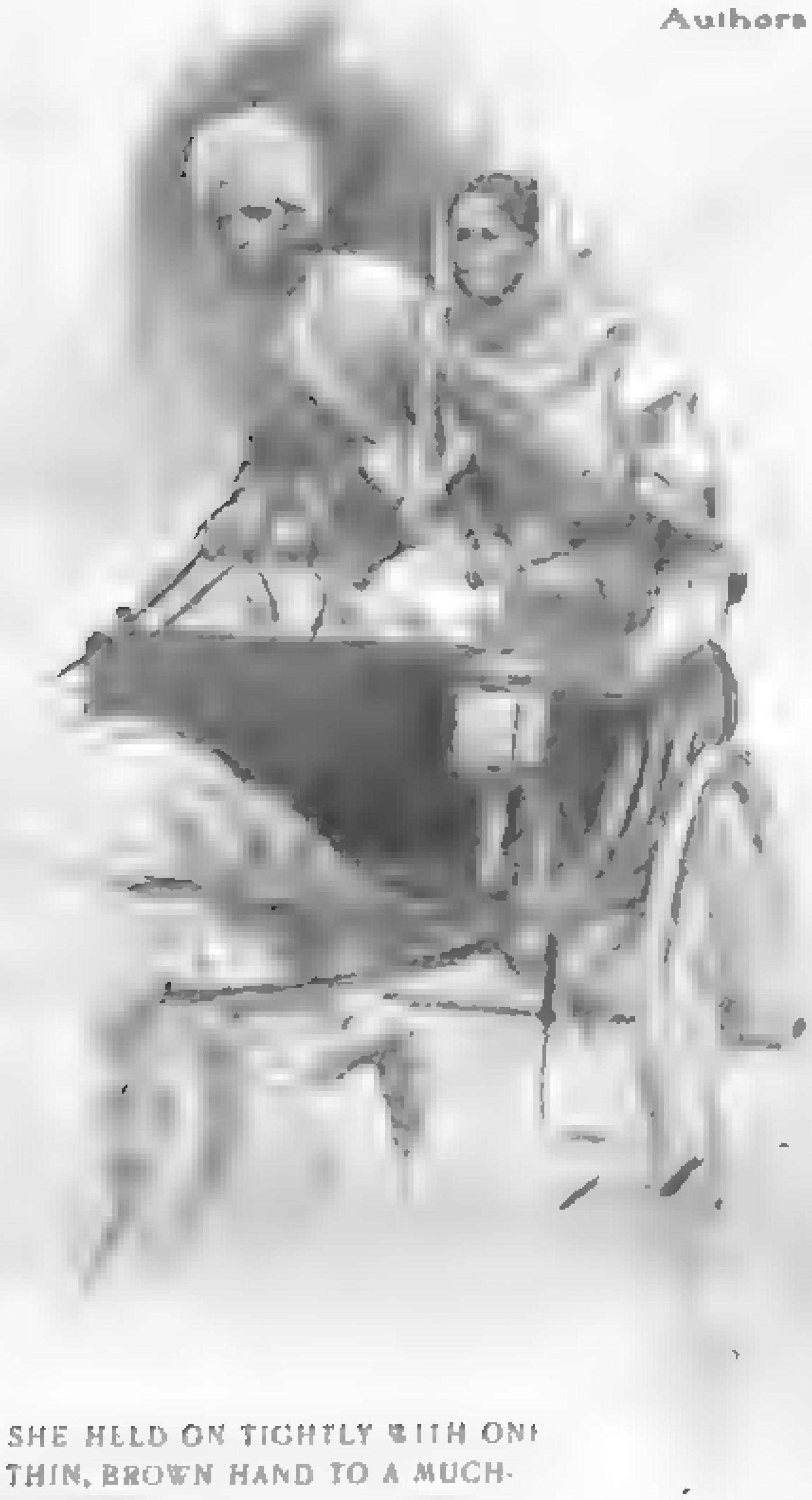


SHE HELD ON TIGHTLY WITH ONE THIN, BROWN HAND TO A MUCH-BATTERED MILITARY TIN CASE

CHAPTER IX

FOR thirty-six hours the unconsciousness for which she had longed, cradled Rosamond; and when she came to herself it was slowly and with dimness. Three times, indeed, did day and night slip by her in her darkened and silent room before she even began to wonder how it was she should be left in such peace. But upon the fourth dawn, as the sun set to work to paint once more the jewel glories of her walls, memory came back upon her like a torrent

She sat up, wildly crying

"Jani, the box! What have they done with the box?"

The ayah's arms were around her in a second. Jani whispered and soothed her mistress as, long ago, she had soothed her nursling. Safe was the memsahib's box; no one should lay finger on it but herself. But the memsahib must be good and sleep, for Jani was by her. And Rosamond let her head rest gratefully upon the wasted bosom that once had held such loving bounties for her, and from thence slid back upon her pillows into forgetfulness again. She was weary still, with a great and blessed weariness.

Doctor Saunders paid brief daily visits. In Sir Arthur's opinion he was inclined to make culpably light of the whole affair — to allow those unimportant fever cases in the compound to weigh against the indisposition of the Lieutenant-Governor's wife.

It is a notable fact that the medical man treats the feminine syncope as not calling for much notice. And though the excellent Scot conceded that there might be some shock caused by the fall to account for the prolonged unconsciousness, he declined to admit to Sir Arthur there was ground for anxiety or to recommend any treatment but quiet — absolute quiet. The preliminary symptom of irritability toward himself which Sir Arthur commented upon as extraordinary and alarming, Doctor Saunders in so many words declined, as a waste of time, even to discuss.

Nevertheless, as days succeeded each other and the patient's languor, not to say apathy, continued unabated, Doctor Saunders abruptly changed his tactics and informed his Excellency that he had better lose no time in sending his wife home.

"Pack her off," he said brusquely.

"Pack her off!" The choice of words was as unfitting as the idea they embodied was distasteful

"I thought," said Sir Arthur loftily, "that you were aware, Doctor Saunders, of my intention of progressing homeward next month."

"Well, I should pack off Lady Gerardine by the next boat," said the doctor, no whit abashed. "There's a good deal of sickness about, and I should not like to take the responsibility of keeping her on here in this condition. She's in a queer, low state: d——n queer, low state, Sir Arthur."

Sir Arthur puffed an angry breath down his nostrils and fixed a withering gaze on the other's dry, impassive countenance

What sort of a physician was this who, having charge of the precious health of such a distinguished household, could allow one of its most important members to get into a d——n queer, low state and then brazenly announce the fact? Sir Arthur, a spot of red anger burning upon each cheekbone gave Doctor Saunders clearly to understand how grossly he had failed in his post of trust, and announced his own intention of procuring higher opinion without delay. Whereat the doctor shrugged his shoulders and drove off in his little trap at breakneck speed, as philosophically as ever.

The higher medical opinion was procured. And though it was enveloped in phraseology better suited to the patient's distinguished station, it was substantially the same as the first — with the single difference that it seemed to take a more serious view of the case. Lady Gerardine was once more ordered home with the least possible delay, this time under penalties so obscurely hinted at as to seem far more alarming than the most explicit statement.

Sir Arthur's irritable anxiety caught fire again. He hastened the departure with as much energy as he had hitherto displayed in repudiating the idea. Truth to tell, no prescription could have well been less pleasing to him. Precluded himself by public business from leaving before his allotted time, not only would his stately "progress" home be sorely shorn of its chief adornment, but the visit of his distinguished relative, Lady Aspasia Melbury, would have to be unceremoniously postponed. Moreover, it was never part of his views of the marital state to allow his beautiful wife to remove herself more than a day's journey from his personal influence. Scornfully as he would have repudiated any suggestion of jealousy (and indeed, as Aspasia had asserted, he was perhaps too vain a man to entertain so unflattering a guest in the complacency of his thoughts), he had, whether from long residence in the East or natural disposition, an almost Oriental manner of regarding the wife as an appanage to the man's estate — a satellite, pleasing and brilliant enough, but yet a mere satellite in the greater luminary's orbit of glory. And therefore, while feverishly speeding the necessary preparations, he could not but let it be seen that he was disappointed, not to say hurt, that there should be any necessity for them.

Lady Gerardine showed herself as gently indifferent to reproach as she had been to solicitude. But the physician's wisdom was so far justified that, from the moment she was told of his decision, she roused herself and began to take some interest in life again.

"Home," she said; "England! Oh, I am glad!"

And, by and by, when she was alone with Aspasia, she began, to the girl's delight, to discuss plans with a real eagerness in her weak voice.

They were in a long, cool room, one of the bygone zenana apartments preserved practically untouched, which opened upon the one side into the garden through the arches of a colonnade, and was secluded even from that quiet spot by marvelous stone lacework screens, each different down to the smallest detail of design, yet all in harmony. However the small, dusky Eastern beauties may have rebelled in their day against these exquisite prison walls, the present Northern mistress of the whilom palace found pleasure in their very seclusion, their apartness; and, according to her wont, she feasted her soul lazily on their artistic perfections.

She was stretched on a highly painted Indian couch which had been converted into a sofa, and let her eyes wander from the carving of the window screens themselves to their even lovelier reflections, cut in gray shadow on the white marble of the pavement. From the inner rooms the waters of the baths played murmurous accompaniment to her thought and her interrupted speech. Aspasia, squatting on the rug at the foot of the couch, listened, commented and suggested

The latter had not yet quite overcome her horrified sense of guilt in connection with Lady Gerardine's singular breakdown. Without being able to piece together any reasonable explanation of late events, she felt instinctively that here was more than met the eye; that there was in the web of her aunt's life, so to speak, an under-warp of unknown color and unexpected strength; that below the placid surface there lay secret depths; and that her own trifling treachery had unwittingly set forces in motion with incalculable possibilities. She had gone about, these days, with a solemn look — a living presentment of childish anxiety. The scared shadow was still on her pretty face as she now sat in attendance.

"Home in six weeks . . ." said Rosamond dreamily. "We shall still find violets amid the dark-green leaves, Baby, and brown and yellow chrysanthemums on the top of their frost-bitten stalks"

"And is not it jolly," said Aspasia, hugging her knees, "to think that we can go and paddle about in the wet as much as ever we like, without any one after us! And isn't it delightful to be going off just our two selves. Oh! Aunt Rosamond, you gave me an awful fright, you know; but really it was rather well done of you, to faint off like that. You see, the doctor says whatever they do, now, they're not to contradict you. If ever I get an illness I hope it will be that sort. It is worth anything to be leaving Runkle behind."

Rosamond did not answer, unless a small, secret smile in her pillows could be called an answer.

"I don't suppose," proceeded Baby, emboldened, "that you have ever been free from the dear Runkle for more than three days at a time since you married him."

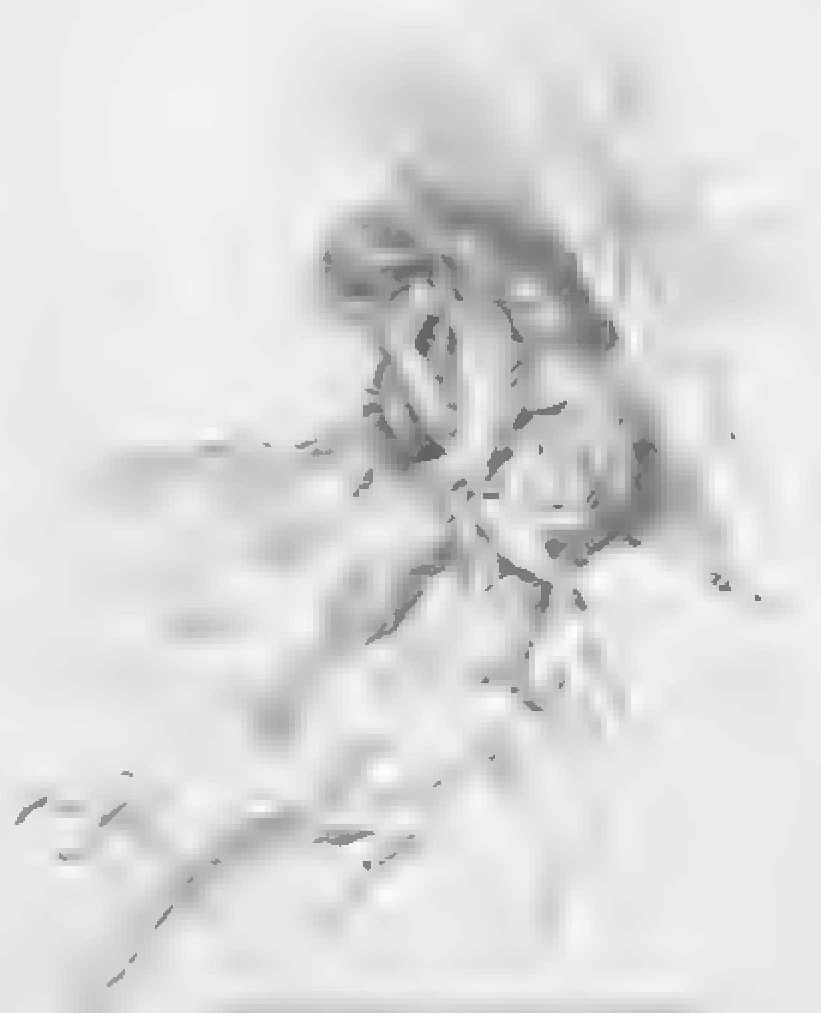
The phrase being a mere statement of fact, it was again left without response.

"And really," pursued Aspasia, warming to her subject, "the way he pounced upon us last summer up in the hills was enough to ruin the nerves of a camel. No sooner gone than he was back. Positively one would rather have had him at home the whole time!"

Force of comparison evidently could no further go. Lady Gerardine gave one of her rare laughs. Baby's face was all wrathful gravity.

Poor Sir Arthur! Disciplinarian as he was, he failed to inspire his immediate circle with anything like average respect. It was a study in morals to watch the rapidity with which the first awe of some newly-joined member of his English staff, the flattered reverential fascination produced by early intercourse with the great man, gave way to the snicker, the jeer, the grudging submission. But, serene in his own consciousness of power and his own Heaven-born gift of applying it, Sir Arthur laid down the law smilingly and inflexibly; and the native world about him, at least, bowed to his rule with impassive face and supple back. And if there were any symptoms of that mutiny which his niece declared a long continuance of his rule must inevitably foster, it is quite certain that he would have refused to believe in it until the rebel's knife was actually at his throat.

"Ah," cried he, coming in upon them at the sound of his wife's laugh, "that's better! I thought we should soon have you on the right road when Sir James took you in hand."



SHE SAT UP, WILDLY CRYING

Sir James' harmless ammonia mixture, orange-scented, differed as little from Doctor Saunders' sedative drops as the pith of his flowery advice from the latter's blunt statement. But Doctor Saunders was in deep disgrace, and would probably remain so until the Governor's next colic.

Lady Gerardine's face had instantly fallen back to its usual expression of indifference.

"I hope you weren't listening," cried Aspasia pertly. "We were just saying what a bore you are."

Sir Arthur laughed again, very guilelessly, and stooped to pinch her little pink ear.

"I have wired to Sir James to have his opinion upon the best resort for you in England until my arrival, dear. His answer has just come."

He spread out the flimsy sheet and ran his short, trim finger along the lines: "'Decidedly Brighton, Margate or Eastbourne.' It is evident he thinks you require bracing."

"I have quite decided where I am going," answered Lady Gerardine, turning her head on her cushion to look at him.

"Eh?" cried Sir Arthur, scarce able to believe his ears.

"I have been unable to talk business hitherto," proceeded his wife gently. "But I wanted to tell you I have decided. I go to Saltwoods."

"To Saltwoods?" His eyes were fixed, protruding, in displeased amazement.

To Saltwoods, that paltry little Dorsetshire manor-house which, by the recent demise of Captain English's mother, had devolved upon his young widow! The Old Ancient House, as it was invariably called throughout the countryside, set in such preposterous isolation that the letting of it on any terms had ever remained an impossibility—the legacy was by no means acceptable to Sir Arthur. The various sums that he had already had to disburse for its upkeep and repairs had been a very just grievance with him; and one of the many matters of business he had resolved to accomplish on his return to England was the sale, at any loss, of this inconvenient estate.

"I mean to go there," said Lady Gerardine in the same tone of delicate deliberation, but sitting up among her cushions and pushing the hair from her forehead with the gesture that he had already learned to regard with some dismay as indicative of "her nervous moments." "Old Mary, the housekeeper, can easily get in a couple of country girls, and that will do for me and Aspasia very well."

"Preposterous! Now that's what I call perfectly idiotic! I don't want to find fault with you, my dear girl, and of course you've been ill and all that. But it's quite evident you are not yet in a state to see things in their right light. 'A case of sudden neurasthenia upon a highly sensitive organization,' as Sir James says."

This was certainly a more suitable definition of her ladyship's malady than the "d——n queer, low state" of Doctor Saunders; and Sir Arthur rolled it with some complacency upon his tongue.

"There, there, we won't discuss the matter any more just now. Rely upon me to arrange all that is necessary in the most suitable and satisfactory manner." He drew a carved stool to the head of the couch, and possessed himself of her hand in his affectionate way. "There, there, she must not be worried!"

Across the fatigue of Lady Gerardine's countenance came an expression that was almost a faint amusement, tempered with pity. Aspasia, watching, very demure, mouse-still, from her lowly post, found the situation one of interest.

"You are always kind," said Rosamond then; "but I shall be better at Saltwoods than anywhere. You forget that I have work to do."

"Work?" echoed Sir Arthur. He drew back to contemplate her uneasily; positively this sounded like wandering.

"It was your wish," she continued (could there lurk in that soft voice an undertone of resentment?) "that I should . . . look over"—she hesitated as if she could not pronounce her dead husband's name, and remodeled her phrase—"that I should assist Major Bethune with his book."

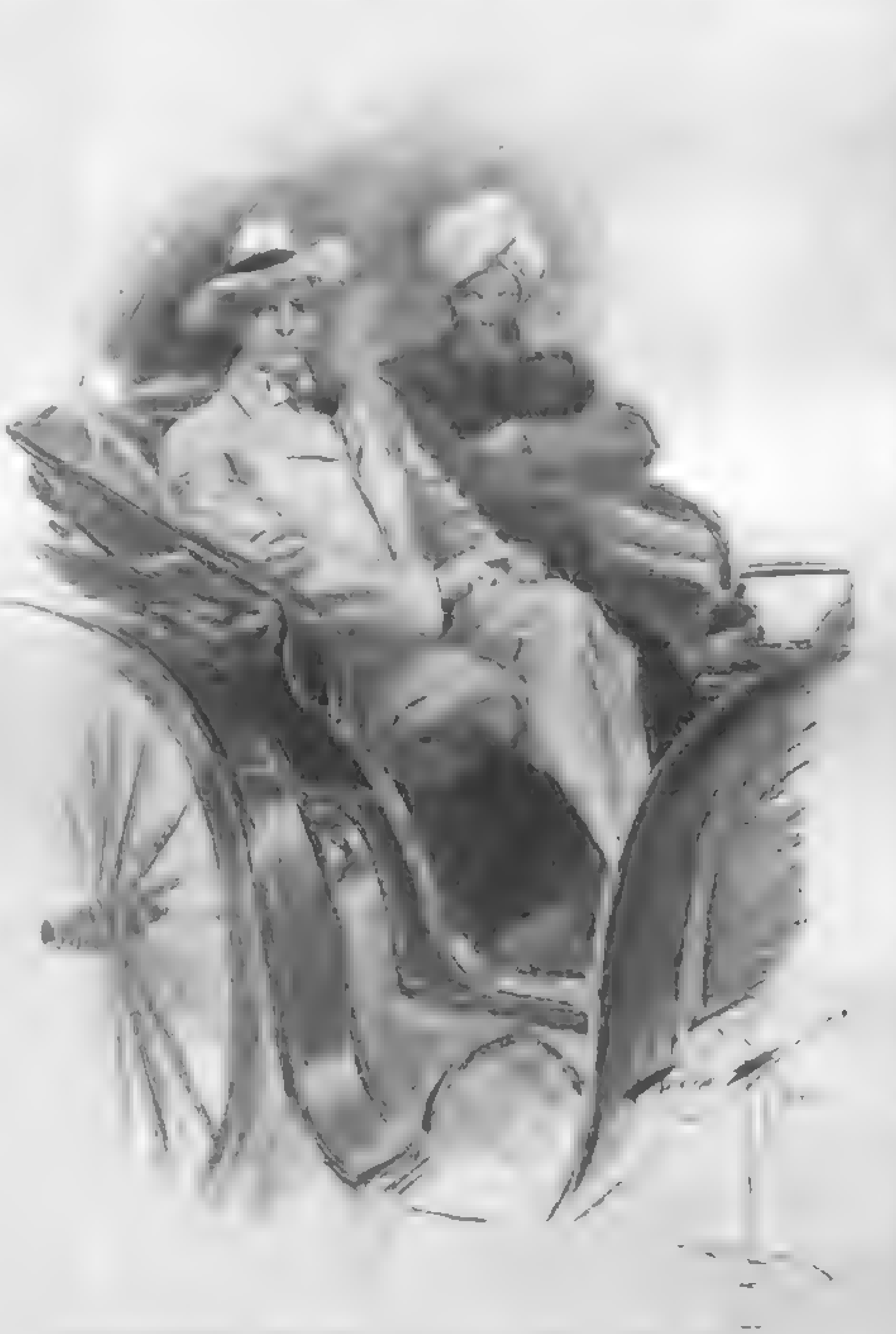
"Ah!"

Sir Arthur remembered. But the proposition was none the less absurd. That Lady Gerardine, too delicate to be able to remain with him—with him, Sir Arthur, the Lieutenant Governor, at a moment when a hostess was eminently needed at Government House—should be taking into her calculations the claims of so unimportant a personality as that of poor dead and gone English, was, for all his consciously punctilious chivalry toward his predecessor's shade, a piece of irritating feminine perversity that positively stank in Sir Arthur's nostrils. He snorted. For a moment, indeed, he was really angry; and the sharpness of his first exclamation brought the blood racing to Aspasia's cheeks. She hesitated on the point of interference. But the invalid's unruffled demeanor made no demand upon assistance. Suddenly realizing himself the unfitness of his tone toward a neurasthenic patient of highly sensitive organization, Sir Arthur dropped from loud indignation to his usual indulgent pitch:

"See, my love, how perverse you are. First, when it seemed a mere matter of justice to poor English's memory, and could have been accomplished with a very trifling expenditure of trouble, you were opposed to the matter. And now, when, as Sir James says, it is so important for you to have absolute rest, to put even your ordinary correspondence on one side, you tell me, childishly, that it is my wish you should *work!* I hope, I hope," said Sir Arthur, appealing to space, "that I am not an unreasonable man."

"I was wrong," said Lady Gerardine. "I do not intend to do it because it was your wish, but because it is now mine."

Once again Sir Arthur paused for want of the phrase that would fit his sense of the extraordinary attitude of his wife and yet not induce any recurrence of the dreaded symptoms. Then a solution of the difficulty flashed across his mind.



AS THE SPLENDID PRESENCE OF SAIF-U-DIN SETTLED ITSELF WITH DIGNITY UPON THE SEAT BESIDE HIM

"I will write and inform Major Bethune of the necessary postponement of the whole affair. And now, not a word more."

Lady Gerardine smiled, but it was with lips that were growing pale.

"I have myself written to Major Bethune," said she. "It is all settled. He will be traveling by our boat and will come to me at Saltwoods as soon as I am ready for him."

She sank a fraction deeper among her cushions as she spoke, and a blue shade gathered about her mouth and nostrils. Aspasia scrambled to her feet in time to arrest the storm that was threatening in clouds upon her uncle's brow.

"For Heaven's sake," she cried, "hold your tongue and go away, Runkle. You'll kill her!" She dived for the smelling-salts and shrieked for Jani. "Good gracious," she rated him, holding the bottle with pink, shaky fingers to the waxen nostrils, "after all the doctors said, and everything!"

Sir Arthur retired, remarkably crestfallen, to his study. How was a man to exercise the proper marital control upon the marble-white obstinacy of a fainting woman?

Neurasthenic shock was a very fine diagnosis. But it was a question, after all—he lit his cheroot—whether a "d——n queer state" did not more aptly picture the actual condition of affairs.

The receipt of a letter from Lady Aspasia Melbury was the first drop of balm in his Excellency's unwontedly distasteful cup. She pooh-poohed his old-fashioned suggestion that the hostess' enforced absence necessitated a postponement of her visit—announced her arrival at the prescribed time, and her conviction that she and her cousin would get on "like a house on fire." Such being the great lady's opinion, the great man was delighted; and, before many further hours had gone by, the younger and less important Aspasia, with hardly suppressed giggles, heard him hold forth at the dinner-table to the following effect:

"What my wife requires really is absolute country quiet. I have arranged that she should pass her first weeks in England at her own little place in Dorsetshire, a charming old manor-house. She naturally does not wish to see much society till my return, and, anyhow, there is a small piece of work which she is undertaking at my suggestion." Here he whispered audibly to the General—his guest of the evening: "Poor English, you know—a little biography we are getting up about him. He was killed, you remember, in that Baroghil expedition."

"Umph, yes; I remember, Iziri Pass—seven years ago; nasty business," grumbled the General as he guzzled his soup, and Aspasia's eyes danced and her cheeks grew pink with suppressed laughter. Young Simpson thought she was laughing at him, and became abjectly wretched for the evening.

Having reestablished his supremacy to his own satisfaction, Sir Arthur took an enormous interest in the protocol of his wife's departure. As he himself intended to accompany her to Bombay—he was to meet Lady Aspasia at an intermediate town on her way north—all the pomp and circumstance in which his soul delighted was to grace the occasion: the escorts, the salutes, the special trains and so forth. Finding that Major Bethune was bound by the same boat, he annexed him to his "progress" with a condescension peculiarly his own. "He is engaged in some literary work at my request. A very good kind of fellow; very intelligent, too," he explained.

And so Raymond Bethune found himself one of the Lieutenant Governor's brilliant retinue that autumn evening of the departure. "A silent, unemotional man," Sir Arthur might have added to his description, had he, in his own sublime content, ever thought of examining the impressions of others.

Yet, under his impassive exterior, Raymond Bethune was conscious of a keener interest than he had felt these many years. But it was not in the smartness of the Lieutenant Governor's escort, in the gorgeousness of his equipages or the general splendor of the magnate himself that he found food for speculation; it was in the personality of Sir Arthur's wife—a repellent yet fascinating enigma. His thoughts perpetually worked around it without being able to solve it.

In another manner, a sweet, vague stirring of his being—totally new experience this!—the girlish presence of Aspasia filled his mind also to an unacknowledged degree. He felt as if his life had been caught up out of his own vastly different course and suddenly intertwined with that of these two women: the one whose every action, every word, was mysterious to him; and the other, clear to the eye as running water, child heart, child soul, impulse elemental, nature itself from her spontaneous laugh to her frank impertinence.

"Do you know," whispered Aspasia to him as they stood side by side under the great colonnade waiting for their turn to descend to the carriage, "I have been hating myself ever since I was such a beast about poor Aunt Rosamond. I think it has half killed her, this business. Even the Runkle wants her to give it up while she's so ill."

(Continued on Page [illegible])

THE SATURDAY
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As We Grow Older

JOHN HAY'S admirers in the press of all periodicities, from book to daily paper, like to have fun with him by raking up his poems and essays of youth with their passionate, free-and-unqualified democracy, and contrasting them with the "conservatism," the caution, the "if and—and—and—provided that" statesmanship of his present matured manhood. "Lost ideals," or "lost illusions," they say, according as they are radicals or conservatives.

This is an interesting study, this change in a man as he grows older. And some will sigh and some will approve as they see how ninety-nine men out of a hundred, as the years pass, abandon one by one the high and burning hopes and dreams and enthusiasms of youth.

But there is this to be said: now and then there is a very great man—a Gladstone or a Cleveland—whose fire of belief and hope burns more brightly as the fires of life abate. Cleveland began almost without ideals, so practical was his young character; his most recent public utterance has been an almost impassioned plea for the loftiest ideals—for a people too noble to be insolent in power or cringing in poverty; too proud to take the wages of dependence, however rich; too haughty to pause before the consequences of material sacrifice for the sake of abstract right. And Gladstone—his first speech in the Commons, at eighteen or thereabouts, was a *defense* of human slavery; his last speech there, at beyond fourscore, was a burning denunciation of that mighty and venerable bulwark against the "license" of democracy—the House of Lords.

❧

The Tragic Sense

THE publishers of a popular edition of Shakespeare, the sales of which aggregate [illegible] a year, report that the comedies are more read than the tragedies—the scenes of A Midsummer Night's Dream and Much Ado About Nothing [illegible] of the scenes of Hamlet and Lear. This is [illegible] what any one acquainted with the tastes of the modern [illegible] would expect, [illegible]

The noteworthy fact is that our Elizabethan forefathers, who gave Shakespeare his inspiration and his appreciation in the theatre, were certainly tolerant of tragedy, and—if we can judge by extant literary allusions and the popularity of the quartos of Shakespeare—preferred it. Even nowadays there is no intelligent doubt that, as works of the human intellect, Hamlet and Lear surpass the comedies. Are we to conclude that modern taste is trivial and decadent?

Let us not leap to conclusions. The Elizabethan tragedy was not characteristically the tragedy of thought and not emotion. It was the tragedy of blood. The copper-plated nerves of our ancestors vibrated æsthetically to deeds of violence and carnage. Hamlet was originally a melodrama of blood and revenge by a second-rate playwright, presumably Thomas Kyd, and even in its Shakespearian form its last scene has been called a slaughter-house. The idea of death was less terrible, moreover, because the dominant orthodox church still maintained a widespread popular belief in immortality.

To-day we are, on the one hand, more tender to suffering, and, on the other, we are more ready to admit a doubt as to a future life. Goldwin Smith's reasonable discussion of the subject would then have been impossible, to say nothing of the sermons preached on this topic in almost every pulpit in the land. Death is a far more serious matter to us than to the public of Shakespeare.

Yet the avoidance of tragedy is a very weak spot in modern life. Culture, intellectual, moral and spiritual, is nothing if not a training to realize our lives most fully in all that they may bring us; and the one unavoidable fact in life is death—first the death of those we hold dear, and then the debt we all ourselves owe to Nature. The man who is distressed by the thought of death, and tries to keep it far from him, is the man who has been conquered in the dearest struggles of his soul; and the man who, having faced death, and the inevitable defeat of all mortal desires, has struggled on even terms with them, finds a holy joy, a spiritual tonic, in living through like throes with the heroes of world tragedy.

For the essence of tragedy is the deeper peace, the spiritual triumph. No one can call himself truly a man who cannot in the hour of need look upon death as the one abiding felicity, and say to those with whom he leaves the destinies of the world, as Hamlet said to Horatio:

> Absent thee from felicity a while
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.

❧

With Interest Compounded

WE HEAR much about the money cost of wars, past and present. And that is indeed a consideration, a most convenient and impressive measure of the penalties for indulgence in the blood madness. But it is by no means the largest item in the bill; it is a distanced second to another item.

That item is character cost. To remove the average man from the orderly and restrained routine of peaceful occupation and [illegible] to release the ancient beast. Poets do not tell the story, historians hide it, orators lie about it, and even the novelists join in the miserable deception. But the character cost of war is frightful. And the poison spreads from him who was permeated by it in the camps and fields of "glory" to his associates, to his children and children's children.

"The wages of sin is death"—in part. But sometimes it seems that the larger part of those wages is tainted and shriveled and perverted life. And of that part is the chief penalty for violation of the unqualified mandate: "Thou shalt *not* kill!"

❧

A Gentleman Defined

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, is the author of the latest attempt to define that baffling word gentleman. "A gentleman," says he, "must be quiet. He must be generous, efficient, deferential to age, beauty, excellence, skill and all worthy things. He must never do anything that will hurt a woman or a child or an inferior."

That word "deferential" will jar upon some sensitive ears, but in the main the first and second sentences will excite no furious differences of opinion. But the last word in the definition—somehow, it seems to poison the whole. "Inferior"—what an ugly word it is, and how instantly it raises the nauseating odor of priggery. Can any man think of any other as an "inferior" without expelling himself forthwith from the class to which all of us aspire—the class gentleman?

"Inferior" is a dangerous word for any one to use in measuring the differences between two other human beings: it is an unthinkable word for a gentleman's use in comparing himself with another. The most perfect example of gentleman, in the high and broad sense, that this world has ever had was born in a manger in Bethlehem. Can any one conceive of the word inferior falling from His lips?

Gentleman is not a precision; it is an atmosphere, an exhalation. And it is a question whether any man ever was quite a gentleman who *thought* that he was. It goes without dispute that no man ever was who *said* so.

❧

First and Foremost

OUR great problem, the one that is and shall continue to be chiefly in the thoughts of the American people, is the problem of the control of wages and of prices. This problem is usually called the distribution of wealth, but that is a partial disguise of the real issue—for wages and prices are the determining factors.

Beyond question this problem is in large measure a "local issue"—that is, most human beings, including most Americans, are not very far-sighted, not very provident and not killingly industrious; and the few who take the trouble to look ahead and to look around and to act with energy, instead of dreaming with energy and acting as if life were something to be "slopped through anyhow," inevitably profit by the sluggishness of the many. Beyond question, also, the tendencies of human nature to greediness are not destroyed by the possession of wealth and power; and so, personal unscrupulousness does, in large measure, defeat the simplicity of honesty and divert part of its just share by keeping down wages and by boosting prices.

But beyond and beneath these factors of human nature there lies a tyranny, the tyranny of a system—the merciless drive of the "fixed charges."

In prosperous years, stocks and bonds and the salaries of the high officials liberally and ever more liberally watered, in fair and lean years, consumers and wage-earners drained to exhaustion to maintain these unjust "fixed charges."

There are other evils; but none needs a sharper scouting than this famine cursed monster, the "fixed charge."

❧

Opportunity and the Apple

"WHAT is duty?" asked Goethe, and answered, "The claims of to-day." Carlyle echoed the thought; and recently Maeterlinck has uttered a mystic glorification of "the majestic life of day to day."

The majesty of the present deed, the present thought, lies in the fact that it spells opportunity. It is the habit of the unimaginative to think that Fate waits for the crises—and to wait upon Fate. The fact is, of course, that the crises are such only because they bring into the light the fabric that a nation or an individual has been all his life weaving—majestically or otherwise.

True greatness is the power of seizing in the imagination and effecting in action the opportunity of each moment as it passes. "Many a man," said Mr. Walter C. Kerr, the great electrical engineer, in a recent address at Stevens Institute, "is surrounded with opportunities who never seizes one. There are traditions that Adam, William Tell and Sir Isaac Newton each had an affair with an apple, but with different results."

❧

Some Ugly Facts

MUCH of the criticism of our modern industrial civilization is hysterical and absurd. Only ignorance or mendacity can deny that to-day many more people proportionately are comfortable, justly hopeful and actuated by noble and generous ideals than ever before, and that the outlook is for a brighter to-morrow. But at the same time it is impossible for a fair-minded person, weighing all the facts, not to find that there is a wrongful congestion of the blessings which science is showering upon mankind. Whether or no wages are advancing as rapidly as they should, certain it is that the prices of manufactured articles have not fallen as they should. There are too many honest, intelligent, toiling men and women who cannot buy the comforts to which their industry entitles them.

To ignore this fact is to erect it into a peril. The standard of living of the masses in any nation is the test of that nation—not only of its civilization but also of its stability. If we are to persist and progress the standard of living of the great mass of Americans—not only the standard of how they would like to live but also the standard of how they actually do live—must rise steadily and rapidly. And whatever prevents it must be removed.

Let us stop talking nonsense about "over-production." Let us face the real problem—under-consumption. The poor are indeed growing less poor; but monopoly and privilege and plutocracy are facts also—and ugly ones.

❧

Buying on Say-so

AT VENICE the authorities have been forced by popular clamor to let the public into a valuable secret. The "antiquities" which American and other millionaires with aspirations to acquire all the earmarks of aristocracy are buying by the bargeload constitute one of the most lucrative manufactures of modern Venice. Will this disclosure destroy the industry? Not at all. It will not even impair it. The eagerness and the ignorance of the purchasers are boundless; and the "connoisseurs" whom they employ to do the selecting are sometimes infinitely gullible, again infinitely corrupt, often both, never trustworthy.

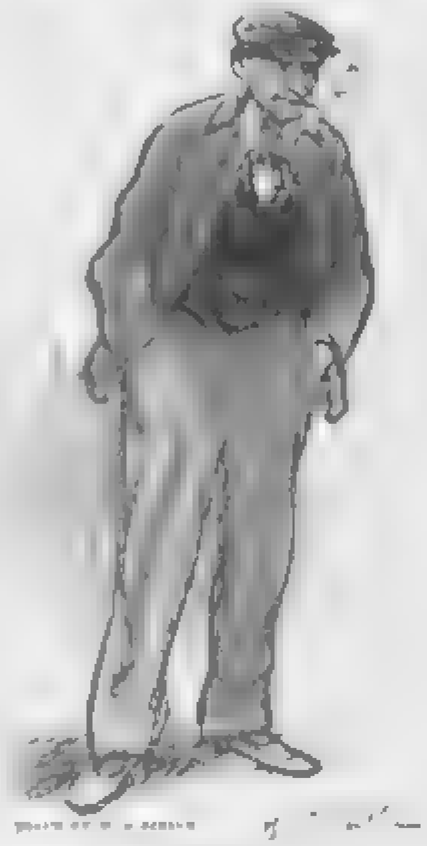
And what does it matter? Our museums and palaces, and those of the Old World as well, are stuffed with art trash that has neither beauty nor authenticity to commend it, but only the say so of a lot of pretentious humbugs who have lost their sense of the artistic in cultivating their delusion of "criticism." And the crowd gapes at their trash and is impressed.

There is just one drawback. In this silly idolatry of the old, real and reputed, regardless of intrinsic merit, the æsthetic faculty is destroyed and the creative faculty is paralyzed. Johnson said that the poet Gray was "dull in a new way, and so people thought him great." But they certainly never would have thought it had he been dull in the old way

THE APACHES

A Band of Parisian Cutthroats Who Defy Capture and Elude All Ordinary Processes of Justice

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS


AN APACHE

ABOUT one o'clock in the morning an American, who made at college twenty years ago an athletic reputation that still endures, was walking the Rue Castiglione, one of the principal streets of the fashionable hotel and shopping quarter of Paris, toward its intersection with another and even better known street, the Rue de Rivoli. At the corner a man stepped up to him and courteously asked for a light for his cigarette. The American knew enough about Paris to note the significance of the man's head covering—the dark blue visored cap. But the man was a little fellow, even meagre; and the athlete, still an athlete, was more than six feet high, and, besides, had a heavy walking-stick. Also, no one else was in sight. The American reached into his pocket for his match safe. Instantly there descended upon him six of these same meagre little fellows in the visored blue caps. And he knew that he was in the clutches of a gang of "Apaches."

Clutches is an exact description. They did not use their fists. They used their teeth and their finger-nails and their feet. He lost his cane in the first rush. But he began to strike out with his fists as these little demons bit and scratched and kicked. Despite their numbers and his fright—for he knew what to expect—he was just about holding his own when suddenly he saw the flash of a knife. He knew that the game was up for him. But just then from far down the street came a queer cry in a feminine voice. Like magic he was alone. The Apaches had vanished as they had appeared. But for his bleeding face, his bitten hands and arms, the ache of the scores of bruises where he had been kicked, he would have believed himself the victim of an illusion. The brilliantly lighted streets stretched emptily away. No one in sight; not a sound. Presently, half a minute, at least, down the street came a police patrol of six men. He explained to them what had happened, and they were sympathetic, but—what could they do? He limped along in their wake, on the lookout for a cab—he had had enough of walking for that night. Well down the Rue de Rivoli he passed a girl, hurrying along. She was about sixteen years old, very pretty, bareheaded, with a freshness of color not often seen in the working girls of Paris. She had passed the police with head down; as she passed him he, suspecting that it was she who had given the Apaches the signal of the approaching police, glanced sharply at her. And he saw in her face, in the glance she flashed at him, an impudent, mocking maliciousness that confirmed his suspicion. But—of what use to tell the police? And, even if they arrested her, what would they discover?

"I took a cab and went home," said the American, in telling the story. "And I'm thankful to be alive, and thereafter I drove when I was kept out late."

This is an instance of what happens nightly in Paris nowadays, not once or twice a night, but a dozen times and more. And not a day passes without the uncovering of a murder that is rightly set down to the Apaches—this makes no account of their killings of each other, which no one ever knows anything about. Except Paris all the great capitals of civilization are now practically safe at night—safe in their principal streets and quarters. Paris is not safe for the night pedestrian anywhere off the grand boulevards, and not in all parts of them. And there are quarters of Paris, populous, well-lighted, well-policed quarters around the outer ring of boulevards, which are not merely unsafe but most dangerous as dangerous as an Italian city in the Middle Ages. In those wonderful reminiscences of his, Benvenuto Cellini, relating some one of his multitude of fights, tells quite casually how he went down a certain street and how, when he came to the turning, he made the customary detour into the middle of the highway. It is well to adopt this custom at night in Paris of the twentieth century.

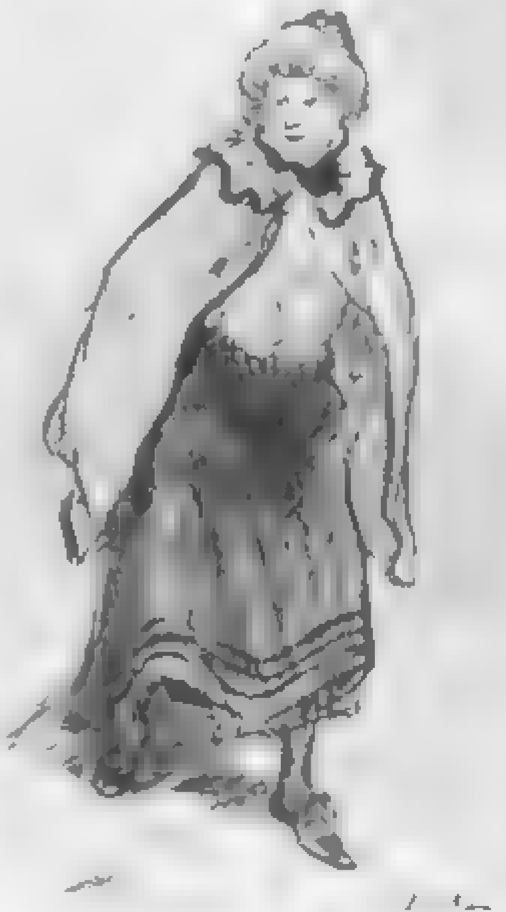
Paris, so long the show city of the world, has ever had its bands of highwaymen. Opportunity creates supply—and Paris has ever offered the most tempting opportunities to the bands. But at no time in its modern history, except during the Reign of Terror, has it been so frankly dangerous as now. And the police seem to be powerless.

The cause is the Apaches. They are no ordinary criminals. So peculiar are they that one almost knows an Apache on sight from the revoltingly cruel and insolent expression they habitually wear—sinister is not a strong enough word to describe the utter abandon of human feeling in those countenances. And, as a mark of their impudent defiance, they all wear the cap which has come to be regarded as their emblem. Also they have tattooed upon their arms or chests, or both, the stamp of the particular organization to which each belongs. An easy task for the police to extirpate such reptiles, one would say. But that is hasty and superficial.

You cannot arrest and send to the galleys a man against whom you can prove nothing but that he wears a cap such as any one may buy in any shop in the workingmen's quarters for two francs. You cannot guillotine a man for wearing a black velvet waistcoat, which may or may not mean that he is a member of that desperate band which calls itself "The Velvet Waistcoats." You cannot rid society of a man merely because he has tattooed upon his chest the coat-of-arms of the "Chevaliers of the Sun" or of the "Knights of the Poniard," though, so it is said, no man becomes a member of either of these organizations until he has assassinated at least one person.

How many of these Apaches are there? The lowest estimate is 5000, the highest 30,000—both estimates including the allies and instruments as well as the initiates. They are divided into bands, each band being absolute for the quarter in which it operates and being self governing and its own dictator. Each band elects a representative to the "Senate [illegible], and the meetings of the "Senate" are held at irregular intervals in various places. The police often know when the Apache Senate is to meet; sometimes they even learn what is the business to be discussed. But when they enter, what do they see? A lot of hard-looking characters sitting around tables, playing cards, or talking in groups, in the back room of some low saloon.

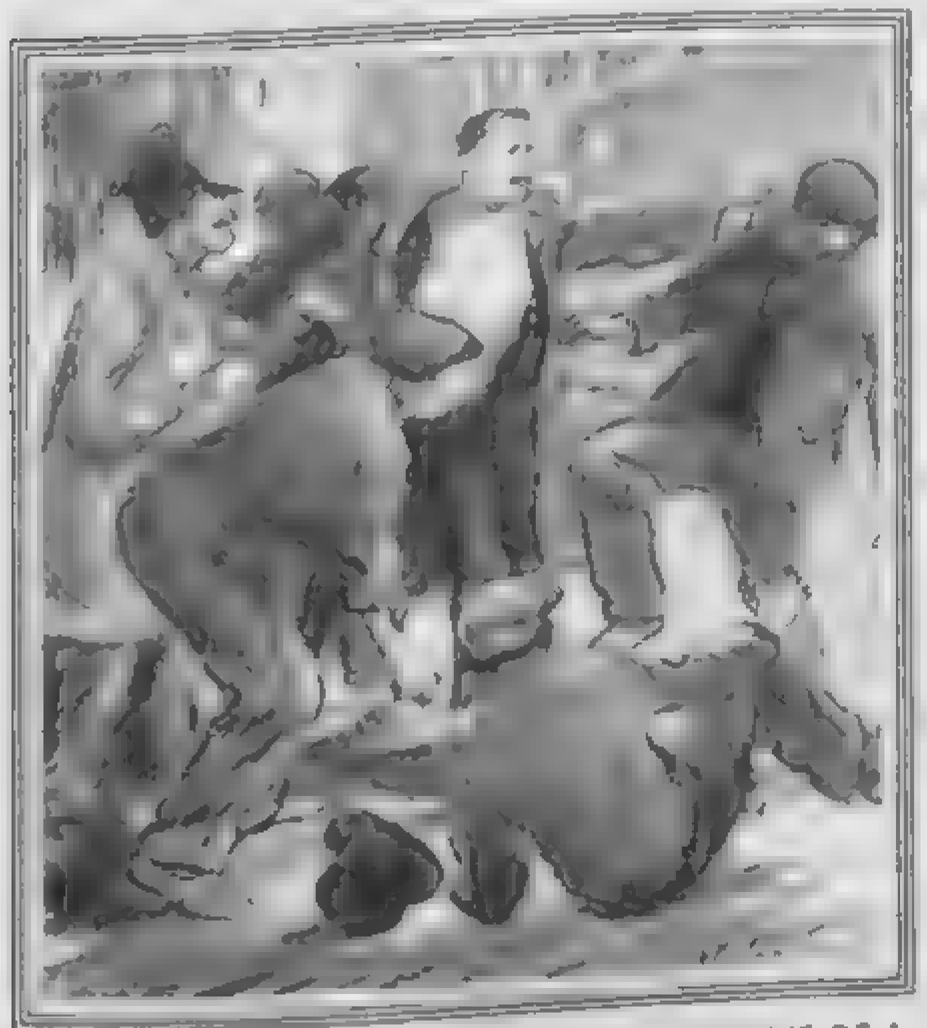
And what is the business that comes before this Senate? Disputes between bands and between members of different bands. And often the discussions of this Senate are sentences of death—permission to one Apache to kill another who has wronged him; permission to an Apache to kill a woman whom he suspects of having betrayed him.

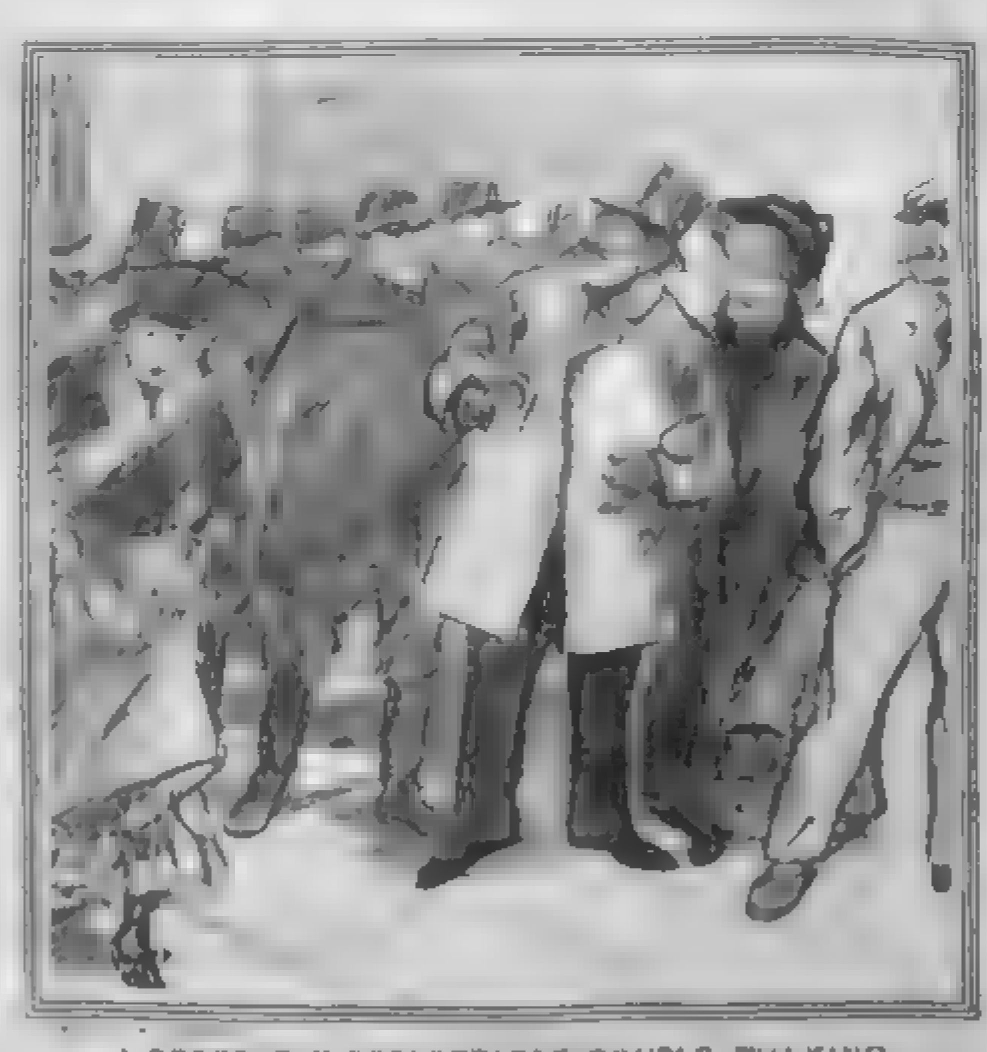

HE SAW IN HER FACE AN IMPUDENT, MOCKING MALICIOUSNESS

It is said that the meetings of the Senate are conducted with great seriousness and regard to form—for these Apaches, as we shall presently see, are not ignorant creatures, drawn into crime partly by ignorance, partly by the stupidity that is the most marked characteristic of the criminal class.

Latterly the Apaches have become so active and so aggressive and so insolent that the police have inaugurated a system of general raids. A certain quarter is fixed on. At an arranged hour large bodies of police march quickly to the ends of all the streets leading from that quarter. Then they slowly advance toward a common centre. They sweep every street and alley; they empty every saloon and dance-hall and restaurant. They drive before them every one who happens to be anywhere in that quarter except in bed or safely housed in respectability in a tenement or dwelling. It is a strange spectacle, this motley crowd assembling in front of the police station of the quarter—for a police station is, for obvious reasons, made the objective of the "drive."

In the crowd are all sorts and conditions. A perfectly respectable couple, walking home late, is caught—they must go with the rest. All kinds of homeless persons, workingmen walking the streets because they are without money to buy lodgings, scrub-women on their way to clean out office buildings, men in evening dress, and women, too: silk and rags, innocence and guilt, high and low, the froth and the dregs. And presently all these, emerging from many directions, most of them amazed at the strange proceeding, confront each other and, urged on by the police with drawn swords, press into the rece [illegible] of the station-house, like rabbits pressing down the narrowing lane of the trap into the pen. Each person is carefully questioned. And many are criminals, some criminals wanted by justice. Every kind of human being, almost, will be represented—except Apaches. [illegible]


AND HE KNEW THAT HE WAS IN THE CLUTCHES OF A GANG OF "APACHES"


A PERFECTLY RESPECTABLE COUPLE, WALKING HOME LATE, IS CAUGHT

Style *Plus* Wear

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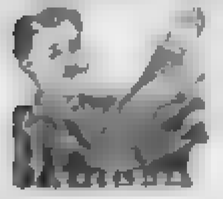

Send for this
[illegible]
THE PRESS CO. [illegible], Conn.

The innocent are let go; the suspects and the "wanted" are held; the police announce a successful raid, and the Apaches go about laughing, more insolent than ever.

Why are no Apaches caught? Because they are not ordinary criminals, but are a solidarity, a state within the State, an army, ever on guard, with pickets out in every direction, with a system of warnings that makes it all but impossible for them to be caught—except when they wish to be. Also, because Paris is a very, very old city, with all manner of devious alleys and intermural and intramural and underground passages; and the Apaches know all these, and have them always open for their own retreats, always closed against pursuit. Where the ordinary criminal is powerless to escape the Apache is secure. He sees the police at the end of the street. He strolls in leisurely fashion toward them; and suddenly he is gone. The ground or the house wall has opened and swallowed him up.

No, he is not often caught, unless he wishes to be. That happens not infrequently. An Apache gets warning that his band or the Senate of the order has condemned him to death. Naturally, he flies to the police; his only hope for life is to get behind prison walls. He confesses some one of his less atrocious crimes and is sent to prison. Sometimes his offense against the laws of Apachedom is forgotten or condoned while he is "doing time"; again it is not. If it is not he is in the morgue soon after his release—for the Apaches do not make away with the body of one of their order whom they kill after he has tried to escape—they want his fate known. Another, and stranger, reason for giving up to the police is the passion for notoriety. Often—not rarely, but often—when an Apache commits a crime of which he is proud he accepts the punishment of the laws of society because he wishes his prowess to be known, wishes to reap the notoriety of newspaper and trial, and guillotine even. Whenever the police catch an Apache red-handed he begins to swagger and avow and boast

The moral characteristic of the Apache is the survival in him of that love of blood and cruelty which was all but universal so long as war was regarded as the noblest of pursuits War has degenerated in the minds of most of us until every form of it, except clearly defensive war, is regarded as murder; but the Apache still retains the ancient passion in all its hideous fury. It is interesting and curious to observe how the French newspapers that strenuously advocate imperialism and militarism all speak of the Apaches in a manner that more than suggests admiration. I have read in an organ of the French aristocracy the appetite of these cowardly wretches for assassination spoken of as courage; I have read regrets that such courage could not be utilized by society, as it used to be in the glorious past!

Who, then, are these Apaches? As was said above, not ignorant, sodden wretches like the criminals of America and the ordinary criminals of France and Paris. They have had good elementary educations, most of them Many of them are of respectable, if humble, Paris families—and there is no stricter respectability on earth than that of the humble Paris families that do live honestly. But most of these Apaches originate in the conditions set forth every week in the Paris record of births—one fourth of all the children born registered under the mother's name.

The bright boy, grown the man of the streets, precociously educated by the streets—every city has him, and every city has its prisons largely filled with his kind. The Apache is the gamin grown up. Often, most often, in his blood there is the taint of aristocracy. These gamins, fatherless, are in large part sons of fathers who belonged to the upper classes. They are, almost without exception, descended from ancestors of acute brains, and they therefore take kindly to the city streets' education of sharpness. Paris has always had clever desperadoes lurking in her shadows; the Apaches, in their methods, are the heirs of this long line of desperadoes that had its origin before the Mayors of the Palace ousted the figurehead Kings and made themselves royal. It was these desperadoes that made the Reign of Terror frightful; it was they that caused the experiment of the Commune to end in the burning of the city. And, should Paris ever have another release of anarchy, her Apaches would give that anarchy a place in the history of horror redder and more revolting even than the story of those days when the old women sat knitting on the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde, waiting for the next cartloads of condemned to arrive

It is impossible to visit Paris, indeed, to read the writings of the French or their history or look at their works of art, without having an enormous admiration for the French intellect. It is that splendid intellect perverted, twisted, depraved, that makes the Apache so frightful. In the majesty of the streets of Paris one sees the majesty of the French intellect; in the visor-capped bravo lurking in the shadows of that majesty one sees the depth corresponding to the height. And one sees more: one sees the past, man the mad animal, glorying in bloodshed and regarding all men not of his tribe or nation as fit only for pillage, torture and slaughter.

Paris is trying to devise some way of ridding herself of these hideous survivals of the past. But the problem is difficult. How make a law that will strike down Apaches without striking down liberty? How remove the Apaches without proving specific crime against specific Apache? And how prove crime when, even if the police do catch an Apache who doesn't want to be caught, his brothers in the solidarity clear him by perjury, when they will even fasten the crime upon some creature not of their order, fasten it so cleverly that he will hardly escape? Finally, how rid the individual policeman of his terror of these bands? For he knows that if he acts individually against them, or any of them, he will surely be found in the gray of some morning with a poniard to the hilt in his back

The Social Atmosphere of the Wires—By L. C. Hall

How Character is Judged and How Unseen Friends are Made by the Click of the Sounder

FANCY an atmosphere wherein names and faces count for nothing in the making of friendships—wherein people are known to each other only by their manner of stringing together their dots and dashes; wherein personality is insensibly communicated by the feel of the wire; fancy missing a dead friend's "Morse" as you would a dead friend's voice, being distressed by the absence of a metallic clicking made in a certain fashion as you would be by the absence of a recognized personal manner.

Indeed, there is something so strange as to seem almost uncanny about the relations that spring up in the atmosphere of the wires. By such relations I do not mean the ties [illegible] between persons working together in a given office. I refer rather to the inter- [illegible] touch and sympathy by the [illegible] current

In a great telegraph office two men may work side by side for years and never become more than passing acquaintances. In much the same way that people living in flats are ignorant of the lives and characters, even the names, it may be, of those living above and below them, one operator might work alongside another for months and still have no idea of the kind of man his co-worker is

But it is not so with the men and women [illegible] his "circuit"—the wire connecting two cities with perhaps many intervening stations, which he operates daily. He may not know the names of his wire associates, it is true; still, from their manner of working—their "Morse"—their transmission—as it is variously termed, he soon forms very distinct impressions of their personalities.

One's "Morse," as is well known, is as individual as his face, or voice, or personal manner. Ordinarily it is no less difficult to mimic a sender's dots and dashes than it would be to assume temporarily his facial

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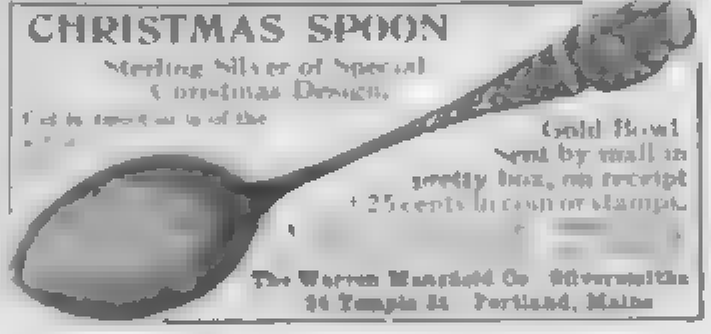

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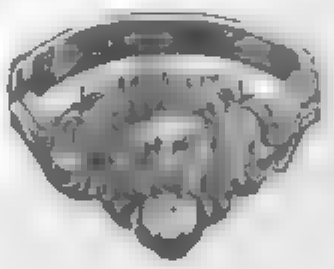

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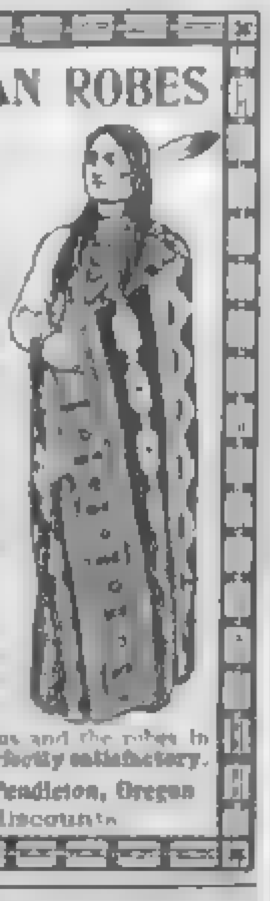

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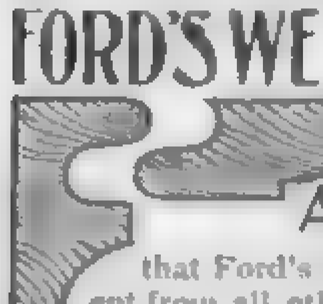

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likeness. As a matter of fact, his manner of stringing together his dots and dashes is to a telegrapher a medium of expression than which there is none more subtle and convincing. Just how the individuality of a sender can be imparted to signals so simple is not easy to make clear to the uninitiated. The secret lies perhaps in the slight variations in the length of the elements of the signals, and in the quick or dwelling touch given certain combinations of letters. At any rate, "expression" in the telegraphese is as well recognized a quality as expression in music; and individuality in the "Morse" is fully as pronounced.

All this once understood, it can readily be judged that a man puts more of his real self into his telegraphese than into any other form of character expression. In his speech, for example, or his personal manner toward another, he unconsciously conforms to certain conventions, it matters not what his real feelings may be. But over the wire there is no pretending to what one does not feel. If the sender be in good spirits his "Morse" is apt to be buoyant and snappy. If he be depressed the dots and dashes flow sluggishly; if all be serene with him the signals ripple along in rhythmic cadences that tell the truth in a way not to be mistaken.

Naturally, then, in working together, day after day, telegraphers become much more closely interested in each other by wire than if they simply worked side by side in a busy office where unnecessary talk is always discouraged. And, insensibly, this interest begets social ties, unlike anything else in the range of community of feeling: ties that are often as binding as those that spring from personal association.

To make this more clear, let us take the wire running from "Wk" to "Ru" as an example — the telegraphic "calls" for the various stations being used for the sake of convenience. On it are a dozen places, large and small, each having a number of messages a day for relay, or local delivery, at the terminal cities. When a new operator appears at the "Wk" end, say, he is at once "sized up" by all the operators along the line, and he, in turn, receives an impression of each of the men with whom his daily lot is to be cast. In a week the new man is telegraphically acquainted with the peculiarities of every one of his unseen co-workers. In another week he will have singled out those with whom he wishes to be friendly, made mental notes of others toward whom he will be merely indifferent, and indicated to those whose wire manner is distasteful to him that he is there for the transaction of business only.

In the new man's opinion the operator at "S" is rattle-brained and shallow, but he is good-natured and anxious to please; therefore the newcomer, who is a much superior manipulator, gives him a hearty "G. M!" each morning at the opening of business. At "Dy" there is a chap who is a very fiend for prompt answering and who is an unusually good operator, too; but his sending is so cocksure, so crabbed, so dogmatic at times, that the new man doesn't fancy him at all and feels that the less they have to say to each other the better. The operator at "Po" is a girl, not long since graduated to the key. Her sending shows plainly the extreme timidity of inexperience. But she possesses quick intelligence and is very attentive; so the new man's chivalry is touched, and he does all in his power to help and reassure her. Of the "artist" at "Ri" there is little to be said. He is a fool pure and simple, and he couldn't keep the fact out of his "Morse" if he tried. An undue "freshness" and impertinence will make itself felt disagreeably even in dots and dashes. But the manipulator at "Xn" — there's a gentleman of the old school indeed! In the old days he used to sign his name above an official title. But he was not up to "high organization methods," — would sooner pass a dividend than cut a salary any day. So he was let down by the new régime, and having neglected to feather his nest, he was obliged to go back to the key to support himself. His transmission is well-timed and has a certain mellow dignity about it, but it is oh! so jerky and "rusty" and out of date. A message sent by him affects you as would an old-time song played on a spinet; it is so pitifully tremulous and quavery that it all but makes the tears come as you listen. With him the new man holds frequent chats, reminiscent mostly, in the less busy moments. At "Aw" is another woman, bright, gossipy and irrepressible. The new man warms to her and she to him; so much so that the old-timer often wags his key knowingly, and jocularly intimates that at the proper time his blessing will be forthcoming.

And so it goes. In time lasting friendships grow up and a social atmosphere is created, stretching along a thin metal thread for hundreds of miles, it may be, in which the newcomer feels really more at home than he does in mingling with his fellow-boarders.

When one telegrapher has made friends with another over the wire he likes to think he knows just what manner of man, in personal appearance, his co-worker is. Often the mental pictures formed from wire associations are tolerably accurate, too, as I myself have had many opportunities of judging.

In searching my memory for illustrations of what has already been said, the first name that comes to me is that of George Lester. How exactly his personality was reflected in his "Morse"! I first met him on the Associated Press wire, South; he was the sending operator at Washington. We who "copied" him night after night grew very fond of his full, rich, jovial sending.

He always referred to me as the "Kid," and although I never fancied being called by a name not my own, somehow, coming from him, the nickname seemed an honor; or, at least, I felt it so then, for I was very young and he was an accomplished operator.

My desire to meet Lester in person — to see him with my own eyes and judge if he came up to my idea of him gained from his sending — amounted to almost a passion. After long waiting my wish was gratified. We were ordered to meet at F——, on one occasion, to do some special work at the key. An event of great interest to the newspaper world was expected to happen there, and we were expected to keep the public in touch with all that went forward.

I was on the ground first, sent thither ahead of time by our superintendent. His scheme was to have an expert sender on hand early so as to score a beat on our competitors, who also were preparing to handle the matter. Lester came a day or two after me. I was at the boat to meet him.

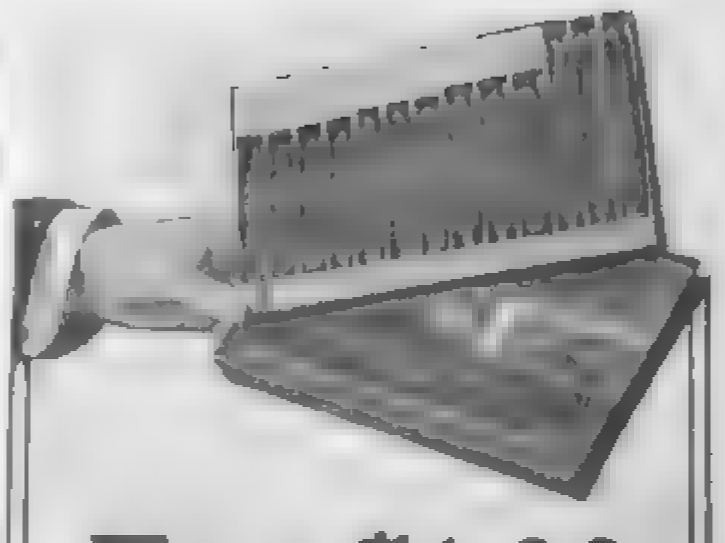
As he sauntered down the gangplank with an air of ownership of all he surveyed, I knew him in a flash. He was the identical big, quizzical, good-natured fellow I had imagined him. His laugh was a deep, slow chuckle that fairly closed his eyes and shook his frame to its foundation. Still, back of his jovial exterior, in his eyes principally, was a shadowy suggestion of sorrow — the look of a man patiently serving out a sentence for a crime not his own; of one facing bravely and cheerfully some mortal ailment whose termination would be long in coming.

Well, we lay around F—— several days — waiting. Each morning at a given hour we were required to report our presence at the office to the superintendent at district headquarters, Roxboro. One day Lester failed in this, and his failure brought a sharp message of inquiry and reprimand from the "super." It was rich to see him shake and chuckle as he read the message over, holding it off at arm's length as he did so. "Well, I'll be blowed," he said. "To think of that little lobster sending me — me, George Lester — a message like that!" And again he shook. Finally he rolled the telegram into lamp-lighter form, doubled it over twice, and put it carefully in his waistcoat pocket. It never seemed to occur to him that it called for a reply, though he drew it forth now and then to read and chuckle over anew.

The expected event never came off, after all, and we had nothing to do but enjoy the fortnight at a seaside resort at the company's expense. This also amused Lester not a little. But the period of idleness made him an easy prey to conviviality and gave me an insight into the weakness he was fighting. The last evening of our stay he came into the office toward bedtime, seated himself at the Roxboro wire, and drew forth the superintendent's message, now much the worse for wear. Holding it off, he read it aloud once again, chuckling as he had before. Then he reached over to the key and, calling up Roxboro, sent this message:

To Jeremiah G. Blount, Supt., Rx
Dear Jerry: Message received. Thanks. Very kind of you to 'member me. When you've another such snap to offer, why, lemme know. Yours,

The message went forward in the familiar fine, rolling Morse, a little thick, perhaps, but as good to listen to as when, formerly, he reeled off the world's news on the press wire night after night. And sound like him! No doubt you have observed a man's coat or hat hanging in an accustomed place and been struck by its suggestiveness of its owner. Well, Lester's sending, looking at him as he fingered the key, gave me the impression



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Our success in New York is proof of this. There we have over 100 stores, one of them in the celebrated Flatiron Building, the largest and finest cigar store in the world. Competition is keen in New York, and smokers critical. The New Yorker is accustomed to demanding the best of everything — and *he knows when he gets it.* The large majority of New York smokers buy their cigars in United Cigar Stores, because they've tried us out, and *know* they can always depend upon getting just the right cigar in perfect condition.

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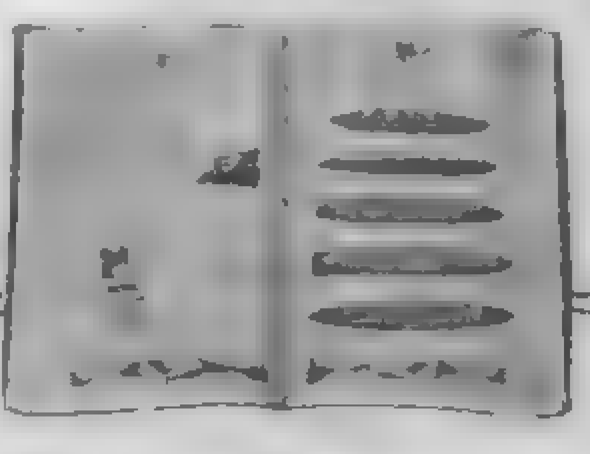


that it had been fitted to him just as his clothes had been

Lester did not go back to Washington from [illegible] He disappeared, still chuckling, and I heard nothing more of him for years. Many times during that time I wondered what had become of him: whether he had mastered his hereditary craving, for as such he had spoken of it, or whether he had been worsted in the struggle. At last he turned up on our circuit in a city far South, and being at once recognized by those of us who still remained was given a warm and wordy welcome. For a time he seemed to be keeping straight enough but it was evident from his sending that drink had made sad inroads on his "grip

One night, late, an item about a suicide was being sent when Lester's key opened abruptly

"That reminds me——" he said, his "Morse" painfully muddled and unsteady But of what he was reminded he never gave word. His key remained open and the circuit "dead" until, after an hour's testing, another wire was patched up. The man who took his place told us the next night that the old boy had gone in the direction of the river and had not since been seen. The only word he left was a hastily scrawled note which made plain to me the meaning of the pathos I had read in his eyes. "Tired of buttoning and unbuttoning!" the note said

Although telegraphic identification is by no means uncommon in ordinary intercourse by wire, I recall but one instance where it figured in a business transaction. One day while I was in charge at Warwick, a man came in with a money-order for a small amount. He was tall, sunburnt, not at all tidy-looking, with a scrubby growth of hair covering his weather beaten face

"This order requires that you be identified," I said somewhat indifferently

"I'm a stranger here. But I myself am an old telegrapher. Couldn't you strain a point and let me have the cash on that account?"

That plea had probably been used with success in dealing with conductors of passing freights, but with me just then the case was different. A man might be an ex telegrapher and still a tramp; and for tramps I had little liking

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but I can't pay out the money unless I have some assurance that you are the right man."

He thought a moment. Then he said "Fred Cudlip at Roxboro knows me. Would you mind calling him up?"

"But Cudlip's 200 miles away and you are here. How's he going to identify you?"

"He can describe me. I guess that would do."

I called up Cudlip. "There's a hobo here who says you know him; has a money-order to be cashed. Answers to the name of H. A. Bogardus. What can you say for him?"

"Old Bogey there! Course I know him. Tall man, clean shaven, with blue eyes and noticeably fine teeth," said Cudlip suggestively. "It has been fifteen years since I saw him, and he may have changed."

"He's tall, all right, and has the blue eyes but he is minus the teeth and plus a beard Come again."

He "dotted" thoughtfully a moment, then he said: "Tell Bogey to step to the key. I haven't heard his stuff in many a long year, but I'm sure I'd know it—either here or hereafter."

I beckoned to the payee and told him what Cudlip had said. A touch of moisture and a twinkle came into his eye. "Now, why didn't I think of that at first!" he laughed

He took the key and saluted Cudlip with a few hearty words. I paid the money without further question

The incidents already cited are in a sense commonplace: they are of the kind that are constantly happening as an outgrowth of the social relations of the wires. But there are instances, as with Charlie Wortham, where soul meets soul by wire as in personal life. Instances in which ties even more binding than mere friendship are formed

"At one time in my younger days," Charlie said, "I worked a wire out of Washington which ended at M——, a town in the near South, 300 miles away. The operator there was a young woman whose experience in business life was very limited. For some reason she attracted me, though at first I scarcely knew why. For one thing, she never tried to show off her ability to make dots rapidly, as so many learners do. She was careful with her work, too, and that went a long way in her favor. From her Morse I got the impression, somehow, that the sender felt herself cut off from fellowship with those about her. When she sent a message, or gave 'O. K.' for one received, there was something in her dots and dashes like an echo in an empty hall. There was a suggestion in it of solitariness, of utter loneliness, altogether beyond describing

"At first her recognition of my interest and efforts to help her seemed merely polite. But as time wore on I grew to feel that she was really grateful for any service rendered her What I had mistaken for coldness was only timidity: I was an older operator, and she feared my patience would fail at last. It was easy to see from her manner of working that she was used to better things When we were better acquainted I was glad to feel that more and more my little wire-friend relied on me. As with all beginners, little difficulties arose in her daily routine which, in my wider experience, I was able to solve for her. I never had to worry to 'call' her long. She seemed always on the lookout for my signals and answered at once. At least, she seemed to think, she could do that much by way of showing her appreciation. Perhaps I divined, too, a little flattery in her readiness to answer my calls more promptly than those of my fellow-operators. At any rate, the fact pleased me, so that any service I could do for her was robbed of the irksomeness that might have attended the repeated demands of one less eager to please. Indeed, I soon came to feel that to do for her was one of the pleasures of my daily life. Was it a book she wanted which could not be had in the smaller town? It went to her by the first mail from Washington. Was there something wrong with an instrument in her office? I bribed a lineman to go there at once and give it attention

"For some reason I had never thought much about the kind of looking girl she was. I was so well content to feel myself in daily wire touch with her that whether she were pretty or not never seemed to matter. But at last we reached the parting of our ways, and then the thought that I should never see her face was one of the sharpest pangs I ever felt She had been offered a place in her home city and she felt she ought to accept it.

"After her decision was reached we lingered late one night, long after the other stations had closed, to say our adieux. 'I want to tell you, "Cw",' she said in parting, 'how much I thank you for all your kindness. When I came to "Mh" I was such a poor operator and the others on the line were so unkind! And with the people about me my position was even less pleasant. Here in the South, still, and especially in the smaller towns, a woman who works is not thought much of. Home life I had none—none of the little social pleasures so dear to us women But now that I have become more expert with the key and know you well I have not felt these deprivations. Indeed, for me the usual order of things has been reversed. Ordinarily one leaves his work to find pleasure and relaxation at home. But with me it is just the other way. I leave my hotel with a sense of relief and in anticipation of being here within sound of friendly talk. So you see, this smudgy little sounder represents to me the handshake of a friend. In truth, in a sense, this wire is a home to me, a home to which the office itself is but the threshold

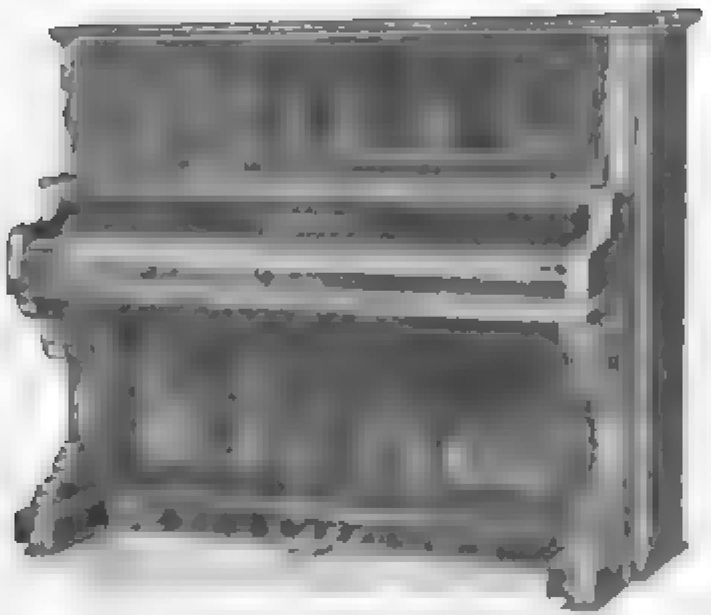
"The speech was so innocently frank and sweet that to have thought it anything else than womanly would have been a crime. Anyhow, it is needless to say that I was not satisfied to let my little wire-romance—for romance it really was—end thus abruptly There were other channels through which the communication, lost by wire, might be restored, and of them I did not lose time in availing myself.

"At home there is a small personage who goes about cheerfully singing, in a high, quavering voice—for she isn't much of a singer—to the tune of The Girl I Left Behind Me, a song that runs like this:

'I'm go-ing down to Wash-ing-town
  Now, don't you think I ough-ter?
I'm go-ing down to Washing-town
  To mar-ry the President's daugh-ter.'

"It's hard to identify that bright little being with the forlorn little woman of the early days at 'Mh.' Yet she is the same except in name. And, strange to say, she often tells me that my original impression of her, gained from her 'Morse,' was an exact reflection of her state of mind in the first days of our wire acquaintanceship."

From what has been written I trust it is clear that a wire friendship has as sound and reasonable a basis as an attachment formed in the usual way. And of this I am sure, that somewhere in the spirit world, where names and faces will not be necessary to instant recognition, I shall meet and know and commune with my unseen friends just as truly as if our friendship had proceeded from personal contact.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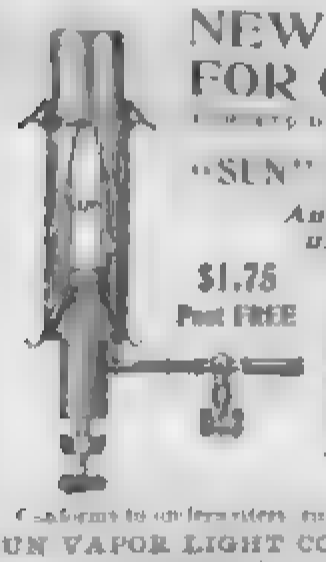
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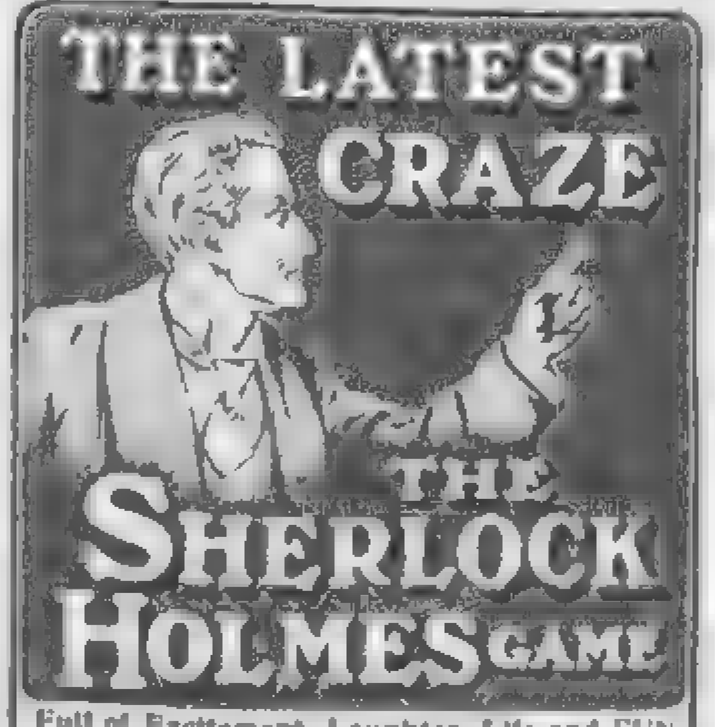

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We could make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
But at him who's making footprints
Now the world, a-riding, laughs,
Since upon the sands, in motors,
Great men write their "auto" graphs.

Anatomical Humor

'Tis clear why folks laugh in their sleeve,
Since all the world's aware,
Or just by thinking must perceive,
The funny-bone is there.

Advice from the Woodman

When everything seems up a stump
And fortune is "agin" you,
Don't pine. Spruce up and show the world
You've got good timber in you.

Hints to Publishers

Limp binding for a book of verse
With lame feet is the proper caper,
And story-writers should rehearse
Absorbing tales on blotting-paper.

No More Old Maids

"Girl bachelors" now, by society's laws,
Stay single as long as they wi
And no one dare deem them "peculiar"
because
They prefer to be singular still.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

Favorite Authors

SENATOR HOAR, rather against his will, once found himself at a sort of literary reception. Members of reading clubs, Browning societies and similar earnest folk were thick about him. The Senator bore up well for some time, but was finally forced to seek relief in his famous bunch of keys. About this time a lady of the gusher variety resolutely cornered him and began to "talk literature."

"Oh, Senator," she chirruped, "how I *dote* on Rossetti. Browning, of course, I love, and, in prose, Walter Pater, but always I find myself returning to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. *Tell* me, Senator, who is *your* favorite author?"

"Bill Nye," came the answer with a quick twirl of the keys.

A Bashful Suitor

"THERE is a lady of my acquaintance," says Marshall P. Wilder, "who has in her establishment as cook a most prepossessing Irish girl. It follows, as a matter of course, that the cook has many admirers. In fact, her mistress asserts that the kitchen is seldom, of an evening, without a caller.

"Recently, the lady of the house, who, though she heartily disapproves of the idea of cook's having so many callers yet hesitates to rebuke her for fear of losing her valuable services, referred to the advent of a new admirer.

"'How is it, Maggie,' queried the mistress, 'that when this latest beau of yours is in the kitchen with you of an evening that one never hears a sound?'

"'Oh, mum,' responded the girl with a broad grin, 'as yit the poor fellow is that bashful he does nawthin' but ate.'"

A Vicarious Cure

DR. WOODROW WILSON tells of a doctor of philanthropic bent, who lived in a Pennsylvania town the inhabitants of which are for the most part coal miners.

The good doctor was much distressed by the existing sanitary conditions of their cottages. So, presenting a nice new thermometer to each household, he carefully explained to the inmates the necessity for maintaining in one's living apartments a wholesome atmosphere. The thermometer, he added, would, of course, indicate the proper degree of temperature.

One day, as the doctor was making his rounds, he inquired of the woman at the head of one establishment in which he observed his thermometer proudly displayed, dangling at the end of a string, whether she had remembered his instructions.

"Indeed, sir, I do," was the reply. "I take great care about the temperature. I hang the thing right up there and I watch it careful."

"Good!" exclaimed the doctor, pleased. "And what do you do when the temperature rises beyond sixty-eight degrees?"

"Why, sir," answered the woman, "I take it down and put it outside a while till it cools off."

The Only Way

REPRESENTATIVE COWHERD, of Missouri, has a friend in Kansas City, a clerk of the court, who recently recounted to the Congressman his experience with a woman who made numerous calls upon him, in company with a man always in a state of extreme intoxication. The purpose of this woman's visits was to secure a marriage license to the end that the two might be united. Of course, the clerk each time refused the request.

The last time the woman appeared, as usual leading in her drunken friend, the clerk, in a tone of great impatience, said:

"My dear woman, why do you always bring this man here to get a marriage license when he is drunk?"

"Because I never can get him to come along when he's sober," responded the woman.

Not to be Outdone

OLIVER HERFORD once knew a woman much given to boasting of the wealth of her forebears.

It appears that no one else ever had anything that was not completely put in the shade by the possessions of this lady's ancestors.

One day a friend, in referring to the matter of family silver, had chanced to allude with some pride to a unique silver spoon that for years had been an heirloom in her family.

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed the lady first referred to, "if you only could have laid your eyes on *my* family silver. It's scattered to the winds now; but in my grandfather's house silver was as common as tinware is at present. Do you know, everything was of the best. Even the cuspidors were of solid silver!"

A Mistaken Inference

SENATOR PROCTOR, of Vermont, tells, with much amusement, of a time when he was taken for a Mormon elder.

The Senator, accompanied by Mrs. Proctor and a party of some fourteen persons, was making a tour of the West. A stop was made at Salt Lake City, and the party started out for a walk about the city. Senator Proctor and his wife headed the procession, and the ladies of the party brought up the rear, going in pairs.

That very same day another party of Easterners was making the rounds of Salt Lake City, and when they encountered the Proctor party in the main street they stood aside to let them pass.

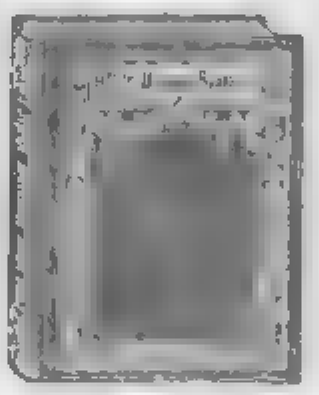
"Well, well!" exclaimed one of the second party; "there's a sight! Look at that old Mormon and his wives. Out for a constitutional, I suppose. I wonder," he added, "if he has any more."

A Salute from the Private

REPRESENTATIVE John Sharp Williams says that the wittiest utterance that ever he heard from "Private" John Allen, for so long the wit of the House, was delivered one evening in a hotel lobby in Washington during the period of Cleveland's second administration.

Allen, who was surrounded by a party of friends eagerly listening to his stories, was in particularly fine form. He had paused in one of his yarns to salute Vice President Stevenson as he passed. The Illinois statesman, however, did not perceive the greeting, for, with his head bowed, apparently in deep meditation, and with his hands clasped behind him, he strode on without a glance in the direction of Allen's party.

"Gentlemen," solemnly observed the 'Private,' "there you behold a man with nothing under his feet but Mother Earth; nothing on his mind but the longevity of the Executive."



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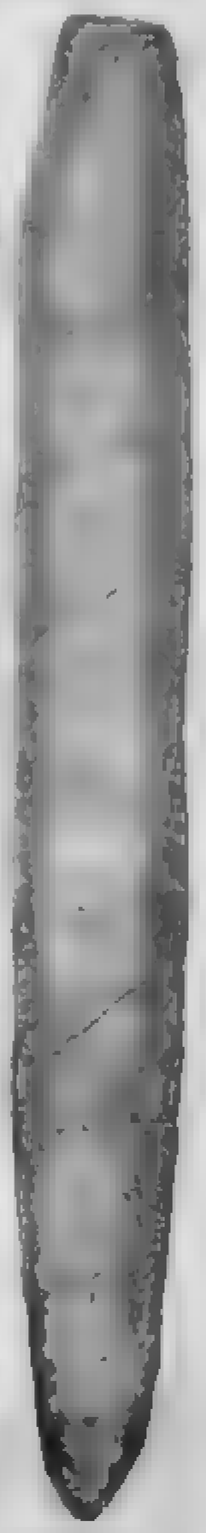

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A man who is an acknowledged authority in the cigar business, recently said to a friend of mine: "*Shivers' Panetela Cigar is a good cigar — better than I expected, and for the life of me I don't see how it can be sold for the money.*"

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If I had to hunt up a new customer every time I make a sale it would put me out of business in a month, but re-orders, not once, but repeatedly, I must have and do receive in continually growing volume.

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Every cigar that I make is sold direct to the consumer in lots of a hundred or more at wholesale prices; there are no discounts to dealers or clubs, nor for any quantity, and is shipped from the factory in the best of condition without any rehandling.

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I do not retail cigars nor sell sample lots. It [illegible] the original package [illegible] of two cigars is not a real test. Moreover, I might be charged with sending samples better than the goods prove to be. I ask smokers to give the actual cigars a fair trial, and if they are not pleased, to return the remainder. I can afford to take back a few cigars. I cannot afford to have any one displeased.

My theory at the start was that most men know and appreciate cigar values and that they would [illegible] the difference between [illegible] wholesale cigar prices to go to the trouble of ordering cigars from me could I once induce them to give the cigars a fair trial. To get them tried — to get *you* to try them — is why I make my offer so broad and so liberal. What risk can you assume, provided, of course, that $4.00 per hundred is not more than you care to pay?

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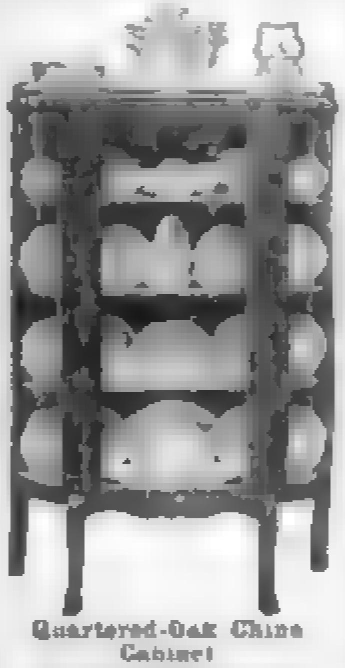

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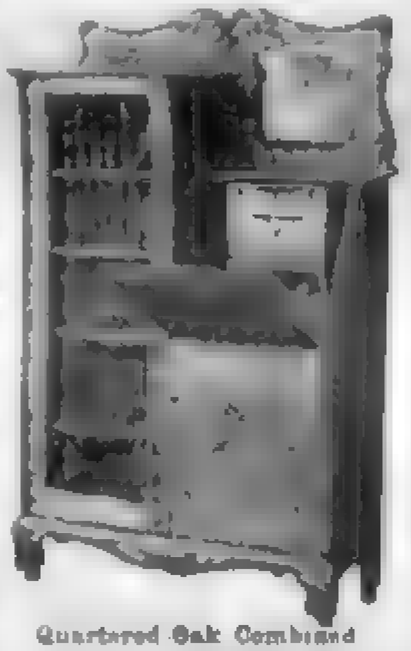

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An Exchange of Courtesies

(Concluded from Page [illegible])

pluck and presence of mind came pouring in. David Walker suggested that the Humane Society would be sure to take the matter up and confer a medal upon the heroine. The members of the Anderson family came severally to express with emotion their gratitude and admiration. The father had not been there since his previous eventful visit, though once or twice he had met his neighbors on the road and stopped to speak to them, as if to show he harbored no malice in spite of his disappointment.

Now with a tremulous voice he bore testimony to the greatness of the mercy which had been vouchsafed him.

The third and last happening might be regarded as a logical sequel to the second by those who believe that marriages are made in Heaven. It was to ponder it again after having pondered it for twenty-four hours that the Ripley sisters found themselves in their pleached garden at the close of the day. That the event was not unforeseen by one of them was borne out by the words of Miss Carry.

"I remember saying to myself that day on the lawn, Rebecca, that it would be just like the modern girl if she were to marry him; because she saved his life, I mean. If he had saved hers, as used to happen, she would never have looked at him twice. I didn't mention it because it was only an idea, which might have worried you."

"We have seen it coming, of course," answered Miss Rebecca, who was clasping the points of her elbows. "And there was nothing to do about it — even if we desired to. I can't help, though, feeling sorry that she isn't going to marry some one we know all about the family, I mean.

"Well," she added with a sigh, "the Andersons will get our place in the end, after all, and we shall be obliged to associate more or less with multi-millionaires for the rest of our days. It's depressing ethically; but there's no use in quarreling with one's own flesh and blood, if it is a modern girl, for one would be quarreling most of the time. We must make the best of it, Carry, and — and try to like it."

"He really seems very nice," murmured Miss Carry. "He gives her some new jewel almost every day."

Miss Rebecca sniffed disdainfully, as though to inquire if love were to be attested by eighteen-carat gold rather than summer blooms.

The sound of steps on the gravel path interrupted their confabulation.

"It is Mr. Anderson, père," said Miss Carry laconically.

"He is coming to take possession," responded her sister.

The crunch of the gravel under his solid, nervous tread jarred on their already wearied sensibilities. Nevertheless they knew that it behooved them to be cordial and to accept the situation with good grace. Their niece was over head and ears in love with a young man whose personal character, so far as they knew, was not open to reproach, and who would be heir to millions. What more was to be said? Indeed, Miss Rebecca was the first to broach the subject after the greetings were over.

"Our young people seem to have made up their minds that they cannot live apart," she said.

"So my son has informed me."

Mr. Anderson spoke gravely and then paused. His habitually confident manner betrayed signs of nervousness.

"I told him this morning that there could be no engagement until after I had talked with you," he added.

One could have heard a pin drop. Each of the sisters was tremulous to know what was coming next. Could he possibly be meditating purse-proud opposition? The Ripley blue blood simmered at the thought, and Miss Rebecca, nervous in her turn, tapped the ground lightly with her foot.

"When I was here first," he resumed, "you ladies taught me a lesson. I believed then that money could command anything. I discovered that I was mistaken. It provoked me, but it set me thinking. I've learned since that the almighty dollar cannot buy gentle birth and — and the standards which go with it."

Unexpectedly edifying as this admission was, his listeners sought in vain to connect it with the immediate issue, and consequently forbore to speak.

"The only return I can make for opening my eyes to the real truth is by doing what I guess you would do if you or one of your folk were in my shoes. I'm a very rich man, as you know. If your niece marries my son her children will never come to want in their time. He's a good boy, if I do say it; and I should be mighty proud of her."

Miss Carry breathed a gentle sigh of relief at this last avowal.

"I don't want her to marry him, though, without knowing the truth, and perhaps when you hear it you'll decide that she must give him up."

Thereupon Mr. Anderson blew his nose by way of gathering his faculties for the crucial words as a carter rests his horse before mounting the final hill when the sledding is hard.

"I'm going to tell you how I made my first start. I was a clerk in a bank and sharp as a needle in forecasting what was going to happen downtown. I used to say to myself that if I had capital it would be easy to make money with money. Well, one day I borrowed from the bank, without the bank's leave, $3000 in order to speculate. I won on that deal and the next and the next. Then I was able to return what I'd borrowed and to set up in a small way for myself in the furniture business. That was my start, ladies — the nest-egg of all I've got."

He sat back in his chair and passed his handkerchief across his forehead like one who has performed with credit an agonizing duty.

There was silence for a moment. Unequivocal as the confession was, Miss Rebecca, reluctant to believe her ears, asked with characteristic bluntness:

"You mean that you — er — misappropriated the money?"

"I was an embezzler, strictly speaking."

"I see."

"Perhaps you wonder why I told you this," he said, bending forward.

"No, we understand," said Miss Rebecca.

"We understand perfectly," exclaimed Miss Carry with gentle warmth.

"It's very honest of you, Mr. Anderson," said Miss Rebecca after a musing pause.

"I've never been dishonest since then," he remarked naively. "But a year ago I wouldn't have told you this, though it's been in the back of my mind as a rankling sore, growing as I grew in wealth and respectability. I made a bluff at believing that it didn't matter, and that a thing done has an end. Well, now I've made a clean breast of it to the ones who have a right to know. I should like you to tell Mabel."

As he spoke the lovers appeared in the near distance at the edge of the lawn, coming up from the beach. "But I don't think it will be necessary to tell my son," he added yearningly.

"Certainly *not*," said Miss Rebecca with emphasis.

The sisters exchanged glances, trying to read each other's thoughts.

"It's a blot in the 'scutcheon, of course," said Miss Rebecca. "It's for our niece to say." But there was no sternness in her tone.

This gave Miss Carry courage. Her hand shook a little as she put down her teacup, for she was shy of taking the initiative. "I think I know what she would say. In our time it would probably have been different, on account of the family — and heredity; but Mabel is a modern girl. And a modern girl would say that she isn't to marry the father but the son. She loves him so I'm certain she would never give him up. So is it best to tell her?"

Daniel Anderson's face was illumined with the light of hope, and he turned to the elder sister, whom he recognized as the final judge.

Miss Rebecca sniffed. Her [illegible] everlasting justice were a little disconcerted. Nevertheless she said firmly after brief hesitation:

"I was taught to believe that the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children; but I believe, Carry, you're right."

"Bless you for that," exclaimed the furniture king. Then, groping in the excess of his emotion for some fit expression of gratitude, he bent forward and, taking Miss Rebecca's hand, pressed his lips upon her fingers as an act of homage.

It may be that Miss Carry was reflecting privately that it would have been more fitting had he kissed her fingers instead. But probably not, for she was used to taking the second place in the household, and the happy expression of her countenance suggested that her thoughts were otherwise engaged.

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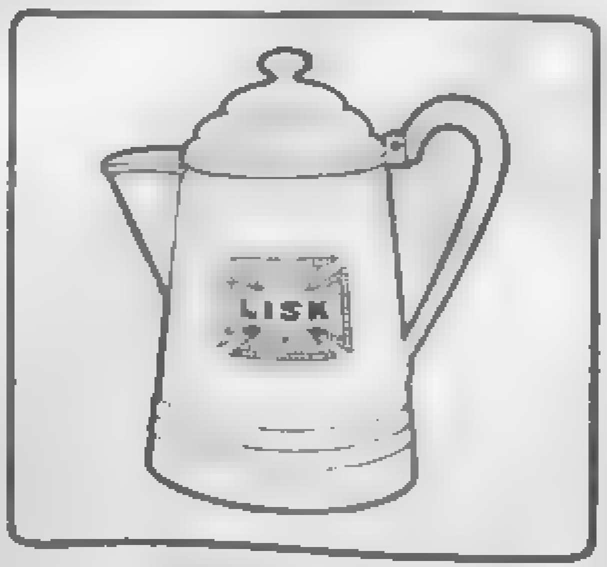

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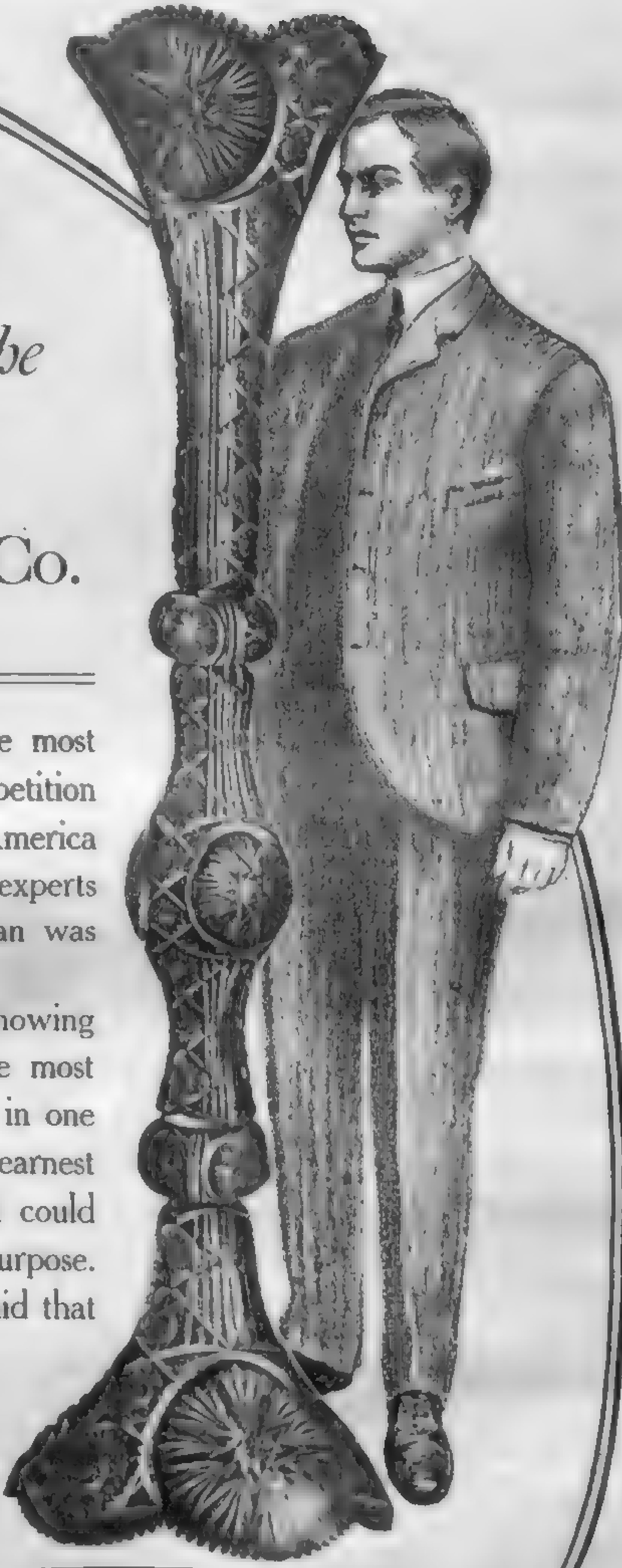

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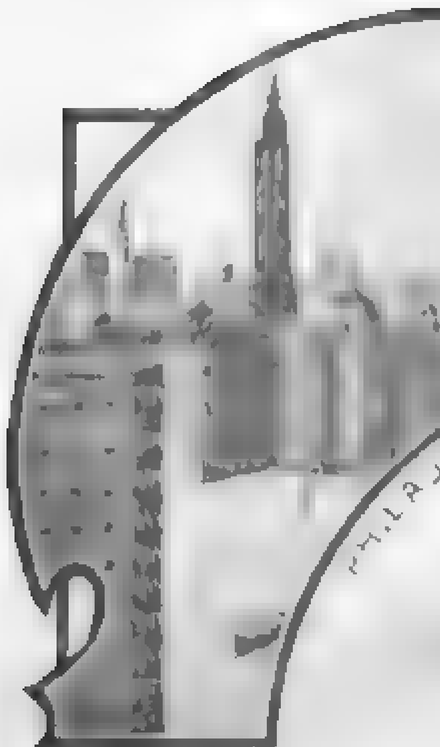

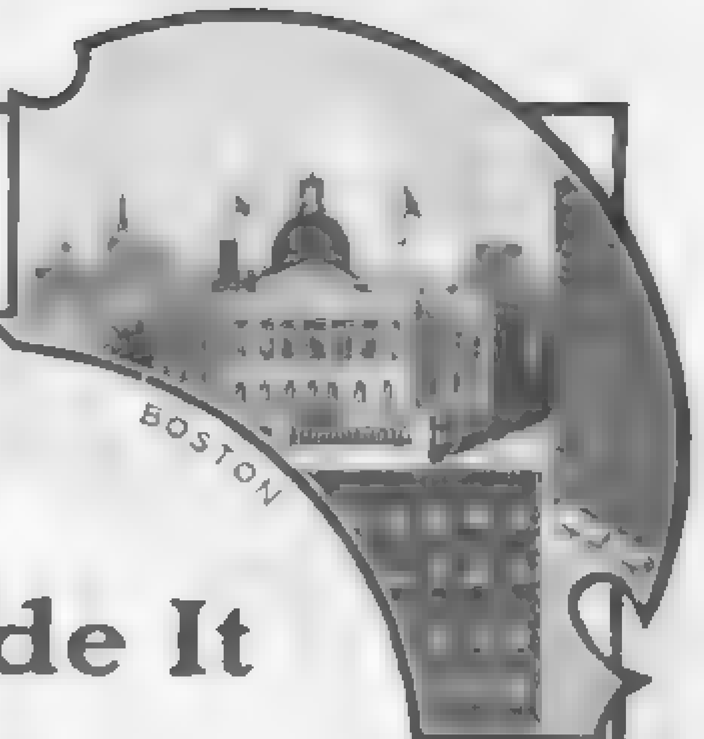

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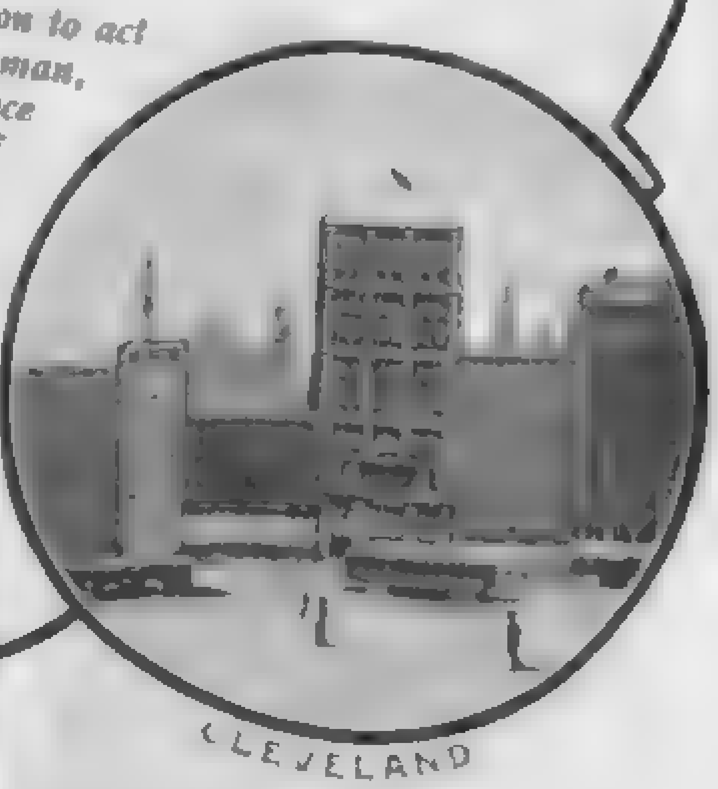

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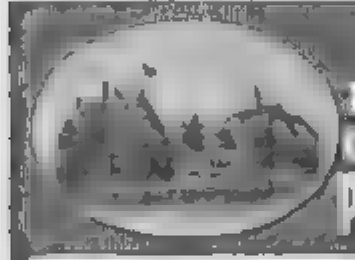

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Shipwrecked Without a Chaperon

Continued from Page 7

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He still spoke with an effort. Another hour at the oars would have laid him out completely.

"No, sir, it is by no means finished," said Williams. "The thatching is only temporary, and there are still snake and insect traps to be put on. To-morrow I shall make one like it for ourselves and after that we can think about more permanent quarters. I suppose you ate your lunch?"

"Yes, but we are hungry again. I am, at least, and Van ought to be," interposed Miss Rawlins. "Van, lie down on this delightful couch and take a nap while we are waiting for something to eat. You will wake up as hungry as a bear."

Mr. Vanderman's nice regard for the proprieties again came uppermost.

"But this is your boudoir," he objected.

"Not yet," laughed Miss Rawlins, amused at his point of view. "It has not been dedicated, and, besides, who ever saw a boudoir with three sides open to the world? This is just a shady couch for the present, and you must take the first nap on it or I shall think you have not forgiven me for my heartless share in that awful row."

She gently forced him down upon the couch. Still protesting he complied—and was in the deep sleep of exhaustion before he even had time to comfortably dispose his limbs. Williams did that for him, and then they tiptoed out and down the stairs.

"Poor Arthur," remarked Miss Rawlins. "I knew he was nearly fagged, but I believe he would have died before he gave in before a woman."

"He's the gamest rich man's son I ever saw," said Williams. "Game as a pebble!"

"I'm going down and help you get a nice meal for him by the time he wakes up," she announced with motherly impulse. "He'll be surprised to find what a good cook I am. What have you got in the suit cases?" she demanded as she noticed his change of clothing.

Williams seemed suddenly embarrassed.

"Well," he answered, "in Mr. Vanderman's case I put his hunting suit, as being the most durable thing I could find, put in a change of underclothing, his money, diamonds and letters of credit, then filled it up with socks, handkerchiefs, towels and soap, and other accessories."

"And in mine?"

"Well—er—I hope you will excuse me, but when I found we should have to leave the yacht in a hurry I had no time to consult any one, and had to use my own judgment. After filling the boat with all the necessities in the way of water, food, tools and utensils I filled Mr. Vanderman's case and then took the liberty of invading your stateroom. I put in one serviceable dress and your jewels, and then filled the case with all the heavier undergarments I could find."

"That was splendidly thoughtful, I am sure. What dress did you put in? My gray cloth walking-suit? That would be very useful."

Williams was more embarrassed than ever.

"Perhaps you had better look at it," he suggested, leading the way.

She opened the case, drew out a yellow garment, and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"You see," stammered Williams hopefully, "I figured that if we got picked up by a passing vessel or landed some place in civilization the dress you have on would do very well until you could get others. If we had to rough it like this, you know, why it was the very thing. It's all of leather, and will stand any sort of wear for years if need be. Then the—the—well, the way it's made it will let you get around comfortably and protect you from snake bites, thorns and poisonous weeds and—er—that's what this sort of costume was made for in the first place, you know."

"Yes, I know!" she shrieked; "but what will Van say!" and she went off into another paroxysm of laughter.

What would Mr. Vanderman say! He had not thought of that, and he grinned sheepishly.

"He didn't quite like it when I wore the thing to Mrs. Willard's fancy dress affair," she went on, drying her eyes; "but you're right about its being the most practical thing

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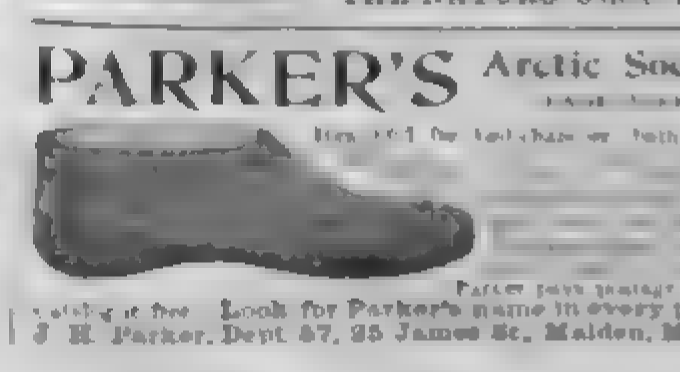
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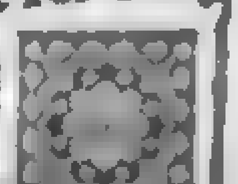

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under the circumstances. If I had a place to dress I would put it on right now, and show myself to Van as soon as he wakes up. He will get over it easier that way. It would never do to break it to him by degrees. He couldn't stand it."

"I'll have you a dressing-room in two minutes," said Williams, and running down to the pile of stores he brought back the tarpaulin, in a strip about six feet wide and twenty feet long. Selecting three trees he wrapped the tarpaulin around them, tied it shut at the top and laid the empty canvas bag down as a carpet to the improvised triangular tent, then set her suit-case down inside.

"You can up-end the suit-case and use it to sit on after you take what you want out of it," he advised her.

"Mr. Williams, you are a marvel of ingenuity," she admiringly declared, and he blushed with pleasure. It was very pleasant to have her "Mister" him. He expanded considerably under the praise.

He was a pretty good looking specimen of humanity without this added self-respect. His blue flannel shirt was bared across his broad chest, his sleeves were rolled up above his elbows, showing his firm, muscular arms, and a wide-brimmed felt hat, pushed back from his forehead, displayed straggling curls of brown hair. In fact, Mr. Bert Williams had never been exhibited to such good advantage, and Miss Rawlins, as she held back the flap of her tent to watch him swing back down to the fire, was quite pleased with him. As she dressed she could not help thinking what a splendid, resourceful mate and protector he would be for some lucky woman—in his own class, to be sure.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A Travesty of Justice

(Continued from Page 9)

strange that officials look with a certain skepticism on all fault-finding; hence it frequently happens that those with just grievances are discredited because of the shortcomings of the habitual grumblers. At the same time, one cannot disapprove too strongly of collective punishment which involves the utter absence of trust in any prisoner, however deserving. A prisoner abuses a slight privilege, or is guilty of some slight infringement of the rules, when down comes the hammer wielded by the inexorable Penal Code, and strikes not only the one offending, but, in its expansive dealing, all the other prisoners, guilty or innocent of the offense. Many a privilege, trivial in itself and absolutely harmless, has been condemned because of its abuse by one prisoner.

I cite one instance. Each cell was provided with a nail on which, during the day, the prisoner could hang a wet towel, and, during the night, her clothes. Those who worked in the laundry came in with wet clothing every evening, which, as no change is allowed, must be either dried at night, or put on wet the next morning. One prisoner pulled her nail out and purposely wounded herself. She was weak-minded, and no doubt thought to excite pity.

The matter was referred to the director, Mr. Pennythorne, who gave the order that all the nails throughout the building be removed. Hence, because of the shortcomings of one weak minded woman, all opportunity for the working women to dry their clothes was taken from them.

Individual supervision is compulsory, and in many cases it is essential, but not in all. Surely there are some prisoners who might, with good results, be trusted. The supervision is never relaxed; the prisoner is always in sight or hearing of an officer. During the day she is never trusted out of sight, and at night the watchful eye of the night officer can see her by means of a small glass fitted in the door of each cell. She may grow gray during the length of her imprisonment, but the rule of supervision is never relaxed. Try and realize what it means always to feel that you are watched. After all, these prisoners are women, some may be mothers, and it is surely the height of wickedness and folly to crush whatever remnant of humanity and self-respect even a convict woman may still have left her. These poor creatures who wear the brand of prison shame are guarded and controlled by women, but men make the rules which regulate every movement of their forlorn lives.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Chapters that have gone before of "Frenzied Finance" by Thomas W. Lawson of Boston have been printed in a pamphlet, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, Twenty-five Cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

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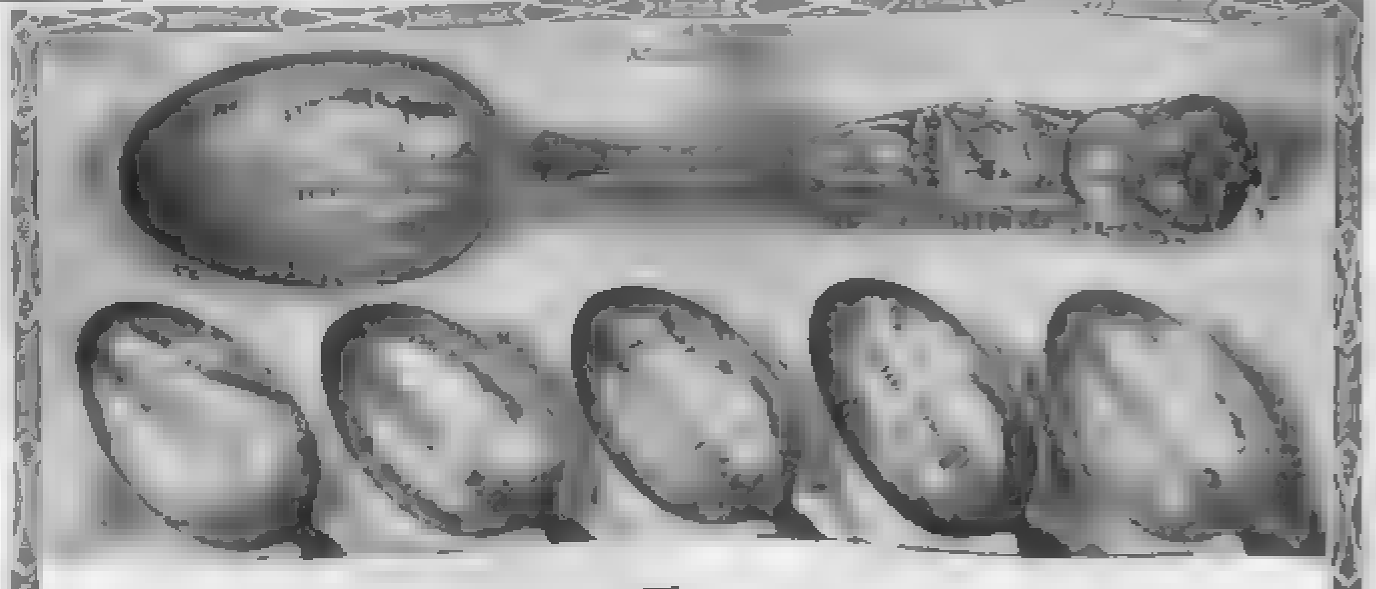

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Rose of the World

(Continued from Page 11)

The man's eyes had been lost in a musing contemplation of the rosy, pointed face surrounded by diaphanous folds of gray gauze. A dainty figure was Aspasia in her soft grays — the sort of traveling companion a man might gladly take with him through the arid and dusty journey of life. But at these words his singular light gaze kindled.

"Surely," said he, "you do not connect Lady Gerardine's illness with anything that you or I have done? That would be absurd in the circumstances" — he threw a scornful glance about him — "too absurd a proposition to be entertained for a moment." ("This sensibility in a woman who has consoled herself so quickly and to such good purpose!" he added to himself.)

"Oh," said Aspasia back, in a brisk, angry whisper, "you don't understand, and neither do I. But I feel, and you don't . . . and I think you are perfectly hateful!"

She had caught his look, followed his thought, and was indignant.

. . . .

And now out into the divine Indian evening they set. The travelers, with their crowd of attendants, moved of necessity slowly, for Lady Gerardine went upon her husband's arm, in the languor of the semi-invalid. Through the frowning gateway, down the stairway they passed, to halt again before the last flight of steps. Rosamond drew herself away from Sir Arthur's support, leaned up against the rough stone slabs of the wall, and laid a slender, gloved hand absently in one of five prints that mark it.

"Do you see those?" cried Baby, turning, all her ill-humor forgotten in her desire to impart a thrilling piece of information to Major Bethune as he walked behind her. "Do you see those funny marks? Those are supposed to have been made by the hands of the queens, when they came down to be burned. Ugh! I say, Aunt Rosamond, are not you rather glad you are not an ancient Indian Princess, and that Runkle is not an old Rajah, and that you've not got to look forward to frizzle on his pyre?"

"You forget," came Rosamond's dreamy voice in reply; "I should not have been alive to grace Sir Arthur's pyre. My ashes would have mingled with other ashes long, long before. . . . Oh, I'm not so sure," she went on, again fitting a delicate hand into the sinister prints, "I am not sure that it was not a kind law in the end."

"Gracious!" cried the irrepressible Aspasia, with a shriek and a laugh. And then she whispered, all bubbling mischief, into Bethune's ear: "The poor Runkle; he is not so bad as all that, after all!"

Then, at the sight of his face, she suddenly fell grave; and the two stood looking at each other. Bethune had first been startled by Lady Gerardine's look and accents even more than by the words themselves. The next moment, however, he mentally shrugged the shoulder of contempt.

Whom did she think to take in by her affectation of sensibility, this languid, self-centred creature in the midst of her chosen luxury?

Thus, when his eyes met Aspasia's, they were sad with the scorn of things, sad for the sordid trickeries of the soul of her on whom the love of his dead friend had been lavished.

Sir Arthur, with touching unconsciousness of the interlude, was once again affectionately sustaining his wife. Then, as the procession moved on once more, Baby, troubled and discomfited — she could have hardly explained why — moved childishly close to Raymond Bethune, and shivered a little.

"I am glad to be getting away from this haunted place and this uncanny country," she whispered again. "I feel sure I should have ended by making one of these dreadful natives stick a knife into me. I am always plunging in upon their feelings and offending their castes, and all the rest of it. Just look at Saif-u-din's face — Runkle's new secretary — I never saw such a glare as he threw upon us all just now. I suppose he thought we were making fun of their precious suttee!" Aspasia's idea of native distinctions was still of the vaguest.

Bethune turned the keen gaze of the conscious dominator upon the man that Aspasia had indicated with her little indiscreet finger. The red-turbaned, artistically draped figure, with the noble dusky head and the fan-shaped raven beard, was striding in their wake with a serene dignity that looked as if nothing

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could ever ruffle it. Had he been ruffled? Had the glare existed merely in Aspasia's imagination? While recognizing a Pathan (whose contempt for the Hindu probably exceeded Baby's own), Bethune knew that it was quite possible the irritable pride of the mountain man had taken fire at some real or fancied slight; but the betrayal could have been no more than a flash.

The Major of Guides smiled to himself. He knew his native; the man who will never give you more than an accidental peep of the bared blade in the velvet sheath — no, not till he means to strike! About this fellow, a splendid specimen of the noblest race, a creature cut out of steel and bronze, there was, he thought, a more than usual sinister hint of the wild nature under all the exquisite manner and the perfect self-restraint; and he found himself regarding him with the complacent eye of the connoisseur. The artistic lion-tamer likes his lions savage.

As he looked he wondered once and again how one so evidently a son of the warlike Pathans could have sought the pacific calling of secretary.

Sir Arthur was taking his new toy down to Bombay with him, where there were, he had been informed, certain documents which might be of value to the "monumental work." And so it came to pass that Bethune and Muhammed Saif-u-din, destined to share one of the subordinate vehicles, found themselves presently standing side by side at the foot of the steps.

Whether because of the interest he must have seen he had inspired in the officer, or whether he was simply drawn toward him by his racial military instincts, Raymond could not determine, but, as they halted, well-nigh shoulder to shoulder, the Pathan suddenly wheeled round, looked him full in the face in his turn, then smiled. It was a frank smile, showing a flash of splendid teeth; and it lit up the fierce, proud features in a way that was at once bright and sad.

"It would be curious," reflected Bethune, "to know what sort of a soul dwells in that envelope, which might become the greatest gentleman on earth. I'll warrant the fellow has many a bloody page in his story that a man might scarce look upon, and yet he has a smile to stir you like a woman's."

The first horses of the escort began to move with much crisp action, for Sir Arthur was at last installed in his state chariot. Through the great glass windows he might be seen and admired of all beholders, feeling his wife's pulse with an air of profound concern; while she, submissive, her patient smile upon her lips, was gazing up into his face with gentle, abstracted eyes.

"A model couple!" sneered Bethune to himself. And, turning impatiently aside to devote his attention to the more pleasing subject of the Oriental, he found the latter just in the act of dropping his glance from the same spectacle, and thought to notice a flicker as of kindred scorn pass across the statuesque composure of the dark face.

"Forever will the East and the West be as poles apart," cogitated the soldier, even as M. Châtelard had done; "upon no point do they in their heart more despise us than in our subserviency to our women. I am not sure," he pursued to himself, cynically, as the splendid presence of Saif-u-din settled itself with dignity upon the seat beside him; "I am not sure but that the Orientals knew what they were about when they made their laws concerning the false and mischievous sex."

Loud and deep rang the great guns of the salute: their Excellencies had started. Rosamond Gerardine was bound for England. In a wagon, at the tail of all the other equipages, sat Jani, withered and sad-faced, wrapped in her thoughts as closely as in her dusky chudder. She would not talk with the bearers or even lament her coming exile. She held on tightly with one thin, brown hand to a much-battered military tin case, which she herself had laid on the seat beside her. No one else would she permit to touch it. The other servants mocked her about it, vowing it was full of her hoardings and that they would rob her of it. At that she would menace them fiercely with her monkey paw. Strange, sad, inscrutable little Parca keeping guard on the fate of lives!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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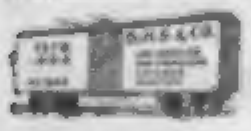
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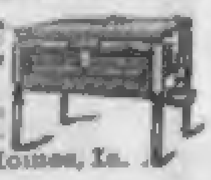

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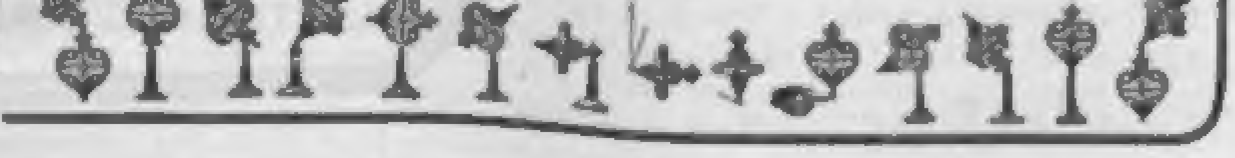

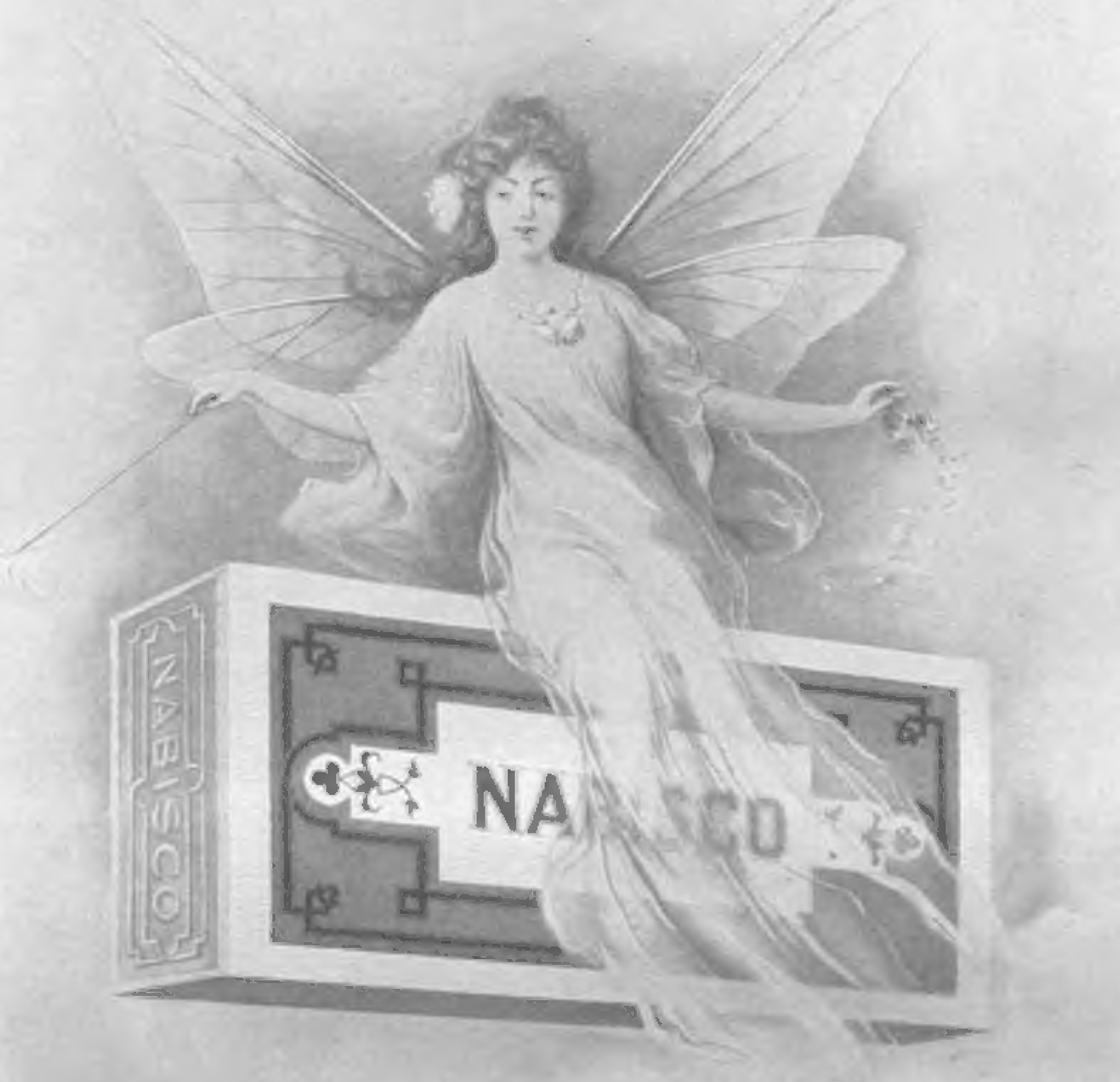

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For the Seven Ages

is a delicious food drink, unequaled for its nutritive and digestive properties. It upbuilds the young, refreshes and sustains the aged, the brain workers and the invalids. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa, as it strengthens and invigorates.

Pure, rich milk with the extract of selected malted grains. Ready in a moment by simply stirring in water. A glassful taken hot upon retiring brings refreshing sleep.

In Lunch Tablet form, also, with chocolate. A delightful confection for growing children. At all druggists. Sample mailed free upon request. Our booklet with valuable recipes is also sent free if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company,
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London,
England.

Montreal,
Canada.

1ST: "THE INFANT IN THE NURSE'S ARMS"

2ND: "THEN THE SCHOOLBOY WITH HIS SHINING MORNING FACE"

HORLICK'S
MALTED
MILK

3RD: "AND THEN THE LOVER WITH HIS BALLAD"

4TH: "THEN THE SOLDIER SEEKING REPUTATION AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH"

5TH: "AND THEN THE JUSTICE FULL OF WISE SAWS"

6TH "WITH SPECTACLES ON NOSE"

7TH "LAST SCENE THAT ENDS THIS EVENTFUL HISTORY"